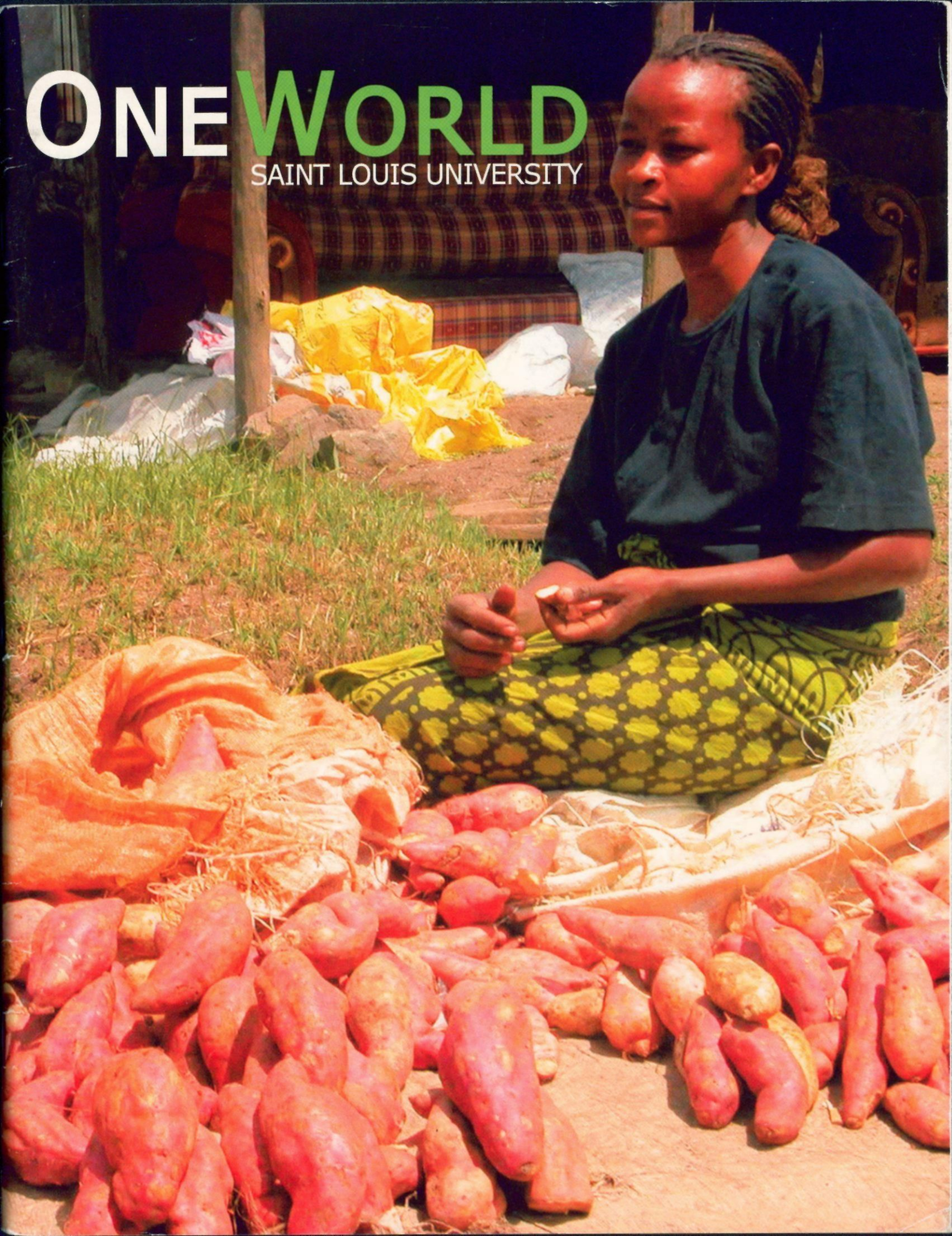


ONEWORLD

SAINT LOUIS UNIVERSITY





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Dear Readers,

Change is crucial to growth.

The concept of reformation continues to fuel our actions and mission as OneWorld. Our organization and magazine evolve as our vision and members grow. As new and old OneWorlders work together, our identity and path expand.

This year brought forth more change within OneWorld as the organization and magazine began to refocus our growth within our university and city. We developed small groups actively dedicated to addressing specific pressing issues ranging from the conflict in Darfur, education in El Salvador, and social justice in Latin America, to name a few. We aptly titled these groups "justice committees," as their members combined their resources, skills, and passions to work for peace. We also continued to nationally expand OneWorld this year as our seventh chapter was born at Gonzaga University in Washington.

Our primary goal was, however, to deepen our message in the hearts of our members at St. Louis University and emphasize the ways that people on our very campus are committed to living out our mission. Almost all of the pictures and articles within this magazine came from St. Louis University students and faculty and people from our surrounding community. We are witnessing the amazing effects that emerge from groups of passionate students ready for change. As our fellow students continue to share their stories and raise awareness about issues confronting our brothers and sisters around the world, they show us all what it means to Live OneWorld.

We have also benefited from the amazing support of our organization from the faculty and staff of SLU. The contributions of advisors Dr. Michelle Lorenzini and Jason Young helped guide our path this year, as did the generous financial sponsorship of Dr. Kent Porterfield. Exciting plans for our future were shaped by Dr. Tim Keane's MBA class, who assisted our organization by developing a sustainable business plan that will continue to broaden our reach. We cannot thank you all enough.

The identity of OneWorld is fluid. Each member is valued as our members affect the direction and profile of our organization as a whole. OneWorld is simply a composition of the people that form it and live out its message. Likewise, our world is also a composition of the integral human beings that inhabit it. Our global community is shaped by the goals, choices, and actions of its individual members. Each generation is granted a unique chance to create movements that can shape our world.

We are living in a pivotal time. With all that we know about our history and all that we hope for our future, what do you want our world to be? It truly is, after all, what we make it.

Sincerely,

The Editorial Board

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We are already one, but we imagine that we are not. OneWorld exists to rediscover that, while we are many in our cultures, religions, and struggles, we are one in our common humanity. We yearn to remove the barriers of ignorance and injustice, because the most basic and unchanging truth that unites us is the infinite value of the human person. OneWorld emphasizes this unity by raising awareness of social injustice, inspiring action, and transforming our hearts, minds, and society.

Live OneWorld.

MICROCREDIT

Mitigating Poverty at the Grassroots Level

By Kristen Schenk

Microcredit. Perhaps you've heard of this way of "doing business," as it is a buzzword right now in the field of developmental economics. It is a relatively new concept aimed at helping the economically disadvantaged to rise above the poverty that traps them. Most importantly, however, microcredit is a sign of possibility for the marginalized and poor around the globe.

In a world where more than 21 percent of the population in 2001—over one billion people—was living in extreme economic poverty (defined by the World Bank as subsisting on less than US\$1 per day), it is clear that action must be taken to help these people survive and thrive. As long as there are 50,000 people per day, according to the World Health Organization, dying of poverty-related causes such as starvation, lack of health services, and poor sanitation, we must work to end the desperation and suffering that prevent them from leading humane, dignified lives. And so long as the United Nations considers 129 of our planet's 174 countries as having medium or low human development based on the Human Development Index, we cannot continue to allow the developed world to become richer without paying heed to the needs of the developing world.

The question, then, is how to encourage and support developing countries in their quest to escape the ensnaring cycle of poverty—and, moreover, how to do this in a way that promotes the human dignity of every individual. Maquiladoras (foreign-owned factories or processing plants) are common in Caribbean and Latin American countries, and sweat shops are almost ubiquitous in many other developing economies. Structures such as these are sometimes seen as solutions to ending economic disparities in impoverished regions, yet many of these factories engage in practices that clearly violate human rights and put workers at risk.

Microcredit—and, in a broader sense, all of microfinance—has proven to be a successful solution to the aforementioned question. Often, the factor inhibiting people from using their already-acquired skills to start an enterprise is financial exclusion, a situation where one lacks the collateral or the previous credit necessary to borrow money from a bank. Institutions focused on microcredit seek to provide financing

for such high-risk and low-income individuals who would otherwise be unable to start a small business. Microfinance is more encompassing: it includes not only microcredit, but also such opportunities as insurance, savings plans, payment transfers, and other affordable financial services for the poor. The goal of microcredit is to facilitate the creation and expansion of sustainable enterprises among those who have no access to traditional bank loans.

In microcredit, small amounts of money are loaned, free of collateral, to those identified as economically poor yet capable and desiring of a chance to invest in some sort of enterprise. Those who borrow from a microcredit institution are required to repay the loan in small payments with limited accruing interest. Initially, the money for the loans is acquired through outside donors, but after the program is established, the starting principal that has been repaid provides money for future loans. The interest goes to program operations, entrepreneurial and other types of education, and the provision of more loans.

What is it, then, that makes microcredit so successful? After all, what incentive do borrowers have to repay the money if there is little to no interest? A common practice among microcredit establishments is a type of peer accountability system known as group lending. Individuals are not able to borrow money on their own; instead, they can only utilize funds after joining with several other self-chosen individuals. These persons are selected in accordance with certain regulations that prevent bias and take into consideration the needs of those borrowing. Each person in the cooperative group receives his or her own loan but also holds responsibility for the others in the group. In this sense, group lending serves as an insurance against default. Evidence suggests that group lending schemes lead to higher rates of repayment than do borrowing by individuals. Important as well is the unification and invigoration of entire communities as neighbors band together and help one another with their business goals.

Microcredit as it is known today is modeled after the example of the Grameen Bank of Bangladesh. In 1976, Muhammad Yunus, a Bangladeshi professor of economics, set into action an experiment aimed at harnessing the productivity of the poor and enabling them to develop small, self-sustaining



Photo by Toni Temporiti

businesses. During a visit to a small rural town, Yunus loaned US\$27 to be shared among 42 village women. This simple action proved to be very successful for the women, yet Yunus recognized that there was no institution in place to continue making such loans. Thus, Yunus and colleagues created the Grameen (Village) Bank to serve this purpose. According to Yunus, people already have the skills to survive and thrive, but they must have access to the means that allow them to “immediately put into practice the skills they already know.” Of course, there is often a need for formal entrepreneurial training, and these needs are addressed through education and practical trainings.

Since its charter as a national bank in 1983, 56 of the 64 districts of Bangladesh have experienced the presence—and the power—of the Grameen Bank. Furthermore, in 1997, there were over 12,000 workers employed by the bank itself and more than \$1 million loaned daily. In 2006, Muhammad Yunus and the Grameen Bank shared the Nobel Peace Prize for their accomplishments in the developing world. By July of 2007, more than 7.4 million lives had been directly affected through the work of the Grameen Bank, which had loaned more than US\$6.38 billion. The success of the Grameen Bank has diffused around the world, spreading to other countries in Asia, sub-Saharan Africa, Latin America, and the Caribbean.

Developed nations are also beginning to experiment with microcredit among those not necessarily in extreme poverty but still living in disparity.

The Grameen Bank stands as an example of other social development programs that can stem from an initiative initially centered solely on financial aspects. Recognizing that there are other problems that must be addressed if there

is to be a holistic approach to alleviating poverty, there are programs focused on housing, education, and healthcare. After demonstrating their ability and commitment to repaying their loans, individuals are able to obtain credit for constructing homes. Education is a concern as well, not only for teaching borrowers how to invest and manage their finances, but also for educating children and helping them to visualize a more promising future. Borrowers are taught about proper nutrition and healthcare, thus creating a well-rounded line of attack on economic underdevelopment.

Furthermore, women are well-integrated into systems of microcredit. As the largest demographic group living in poverty in developing nations, women face daily struggles of survival for themselves and their families. It makes sense, then, that women are the main benefactors of many microcredit programs. In the Grameen Bank, for example, women made up approximately 65 percent of borrowers in 1985 but grew to 94 percent by 1994. In actuality, the repayment rate of the Grameen Bank for women largely surpasses that of men. Overall, microcredit programs have proven successful at organizing and activating the productivity and creativity of the rural poor, especially women, empowering them to overcome severely impoverished conditions.

A common critique of microcredit is its maintenance of the existing social structure, in that the disadvantaged who benefit from small loans remain unable to climb the ladder into the middle or upper class. However, it is important to note that Yunus' goal—and the goal of microcredit in its entirety—is to eliminate poverty for as many people as possible and reduce its effects for those who are still within its grasp. Microcredit is not focused on moving people to the middle or upper classes of society, but rather on enabling them to live decently.

Aside from the Grameen Bank, another example of an international microcredit organization is Nitlapán, headquartered at the Central American University (UCA) in Managua, Nicaragua. Nitlapán's objective is to alleviate poverty, marginalization, and exclusion that is present in rural and



Photo by Toni Temporiti

urban areas." Nitlapán recognizes that individuals have both the capability and the desire to become producers and entrepreneurs. While the program extends beyond the economic sector, including such things as education and legal services, the business initiatives are central to Nitlapán's overall goal. Not only does Nitlapán help small businesses to navigate the complexities of the national and global markets. It provides assistance to young entrepreneurs working to start their own businesses and helps to bring the products of local craftsmen to other profitable markets around the world. Nitlapán's work has directly impacted over 16,000 lives since 2000, enabling many individuals and families to move away from extreme poverty.

However, one does not need to leave the city of St. Louis, or even the campus of Saint Louis University, to find initiatives focused on eradicating poverty through microcredit. Although microcredit projects for citizens of the United States are developing but not yet widespread, there are plenty of people working from our own soil to end poverty around the globe. Take, for example, Sr. Toni Temporiti, CPPS, who founded Microfinancing Partners in Africa (MPA), headquartered here in St. Louis. Following the same model used by the Grameen Bank, MPA works to distribute funds to (mostly) women living in destitute conditions. Right now, MPA is working in Kenya, but this summer, Temporiti will travel to Tanzania and Uganda to start branches there. Temporiti's passion for microfinancing shines through when she talks about how successful so many of these programs have been. She says, "It is an exciting type of work because it really says that people can pull themselves out of extreme poverty with the help of credit, not charity. The most important thing is that it makes a difference in their lives and gives them back their self-esteem."

that it makes a difference in their lives and gives them back their self-esteem."

Similarly, a Saint Louis University student in the John Cook School of Business is excited for the possibility of involving students on our campus with one microcredit initiative. Justin Gimotea, a junior studying management and theology, is spearheading efforts for a new student organization that will focus on microfinancing, potentially with women in El Salvador. Says Gimotea, "As students in the Jesuit tradition—students who are men and women for others—it is imperative that we use our education for the benefit of our world. We can engage the knowledge and skills we learn in our business classes by joining this global movement aimed at eliminating acute poverty and suffering in developing nations." The organization will also aim to raise awareness of global issues of social justice with regard to how other business principles may provide valuable and viable solutions.

In the words of Muhammad Yunus, microcredit is "based on the premise that the poor have skills which remain unutilized or under-utilized. [The Grameen Bank] believes that charity is not an answer to poverty...It creates dependency and takes away individual initiative to break through the walls of poverty. Unleashing of energy and creativity in each human being is the answer to poverty." Indeed, microcredit is a powerful tool whose mark is being made known around the world. As nations, groups, and individuals work together to eradicate poverty for the millions held in its grasp, microcredit is already becoming more than a buzzword. It is a concrete solution and a sign of hope for a better world to come.

CALL TO ACTION

Want to get involved? Contact either of the local contacts for information on how to play a role in global microcredit efforts from our own campus and city!

Microfinancing Partners in Africa (www.microfinancingafrica.org):

Sr. Toni Temporiti, temporit_antoine@sbcglobal.net

Business School Microfinancing Student Organization:

Justin Gimotea, gimoteaj@slu.edu

Also check out these websites!

Grameen Bank – www.grameen-info.org

Nitlapán – www.nitlapan.org/ni

Appalachian Center for Economic Networks – www.acenetworks.org

Year of Microcredit – www.yearofmicrocredit.org

Jamii Bora – www.jamiibora.org

The Burden OF EXISTENCE

By Lauren Hashiguchi

Esteban Rodriguez is native of Mexico but speaks no Spanish, has no Mexican friends, and desperately wants to go to the place he calls home: the United States. His parents, both natives of Mexico, brought him into the United States when he was one year old in hopes of building a better life for their family.

Rodriguez lived and worked in California until, at age 23, he was sent back to Mexico. He has been in Mexico for only two weeks, living in the Casa De Migrantes, a home in Tijuana that temporarily houses and feeds men recently deported while they seek work. He expresses his fear: he has no idea what he will do in a country so foreign to him. He soberly eats a meager meal in a room filled with men trapped in similar situations. The man next to him, also speaking in English, explains that he has no desire to immigrate to the United States, but has no choice. He must support his family. Another man displays a picture of his daughter and girlfriend, both American citizens living near Los Angeles. Most of the men are in their twenties and thirties; many speak fluent English; and most lived and worked in the United States for more than five years. Brought together by the politics of nationality, they have one of two courses of action: find employment in one of the many factories in Tijuana that, according to the Washington Post, pay \$1.86 per hour, or attempt again to enter the United States and find employment in California, where the federal minimum wage, as reported by the Industrial Welfare Commission in January 2008, is about \$8.00 per hour. Each man has a tragic story that is, sadly, commonplace. They migrate illegally to support their families. They are the face of immigration.

Immigrants come to the United States each year seeking employment, education, and basic liberties. While many immigrants pass into the U.S. legally, a 2002 article from the Washington Post reported that an estimated 11.5 million Mexican immigrants enter the country illegally each year. Each immigrant has a story and a desire to better the situation into

which he or she was born. However, many generalizations and stereotypes have emerged in response to the controversy of illegal immigration and the politics surrounding it.

There are many reasons why so many Mexicans enter the United States each year, and nearly all of these reasons trace to monetary need. While there are jobs available in Mexico, few, if any, pay wages that can sustain a family. Still, vendors in Mexico charge prices for food that closely resembles the prices in the U.S. Even though the cost of

living is considerably lower in Mexico, the wages available hardly cover the basic needs of families. Consequently, an increasing number of mainly Mexican men enter the U.S. seeking minimum wage jobs to support their families. In 2006, Frontline World Report reported that Mexicans working in the US send an average of \$24 billion dollars to their native country each year—the second largest source of revenue for Mexico.

Another factor contributing to the poverty that drives illegal immigration is the educational system in Mexico. Education in Mexico is not free, and for impoverished families, it is unaffordable. Additionally, because many adults are illiterate as a result of their own education—or lack thereof—they cannot file for birth certificates for their children, who then, in turn, cannot access education. According to the Washington Post, the Mexican government estimates that over five

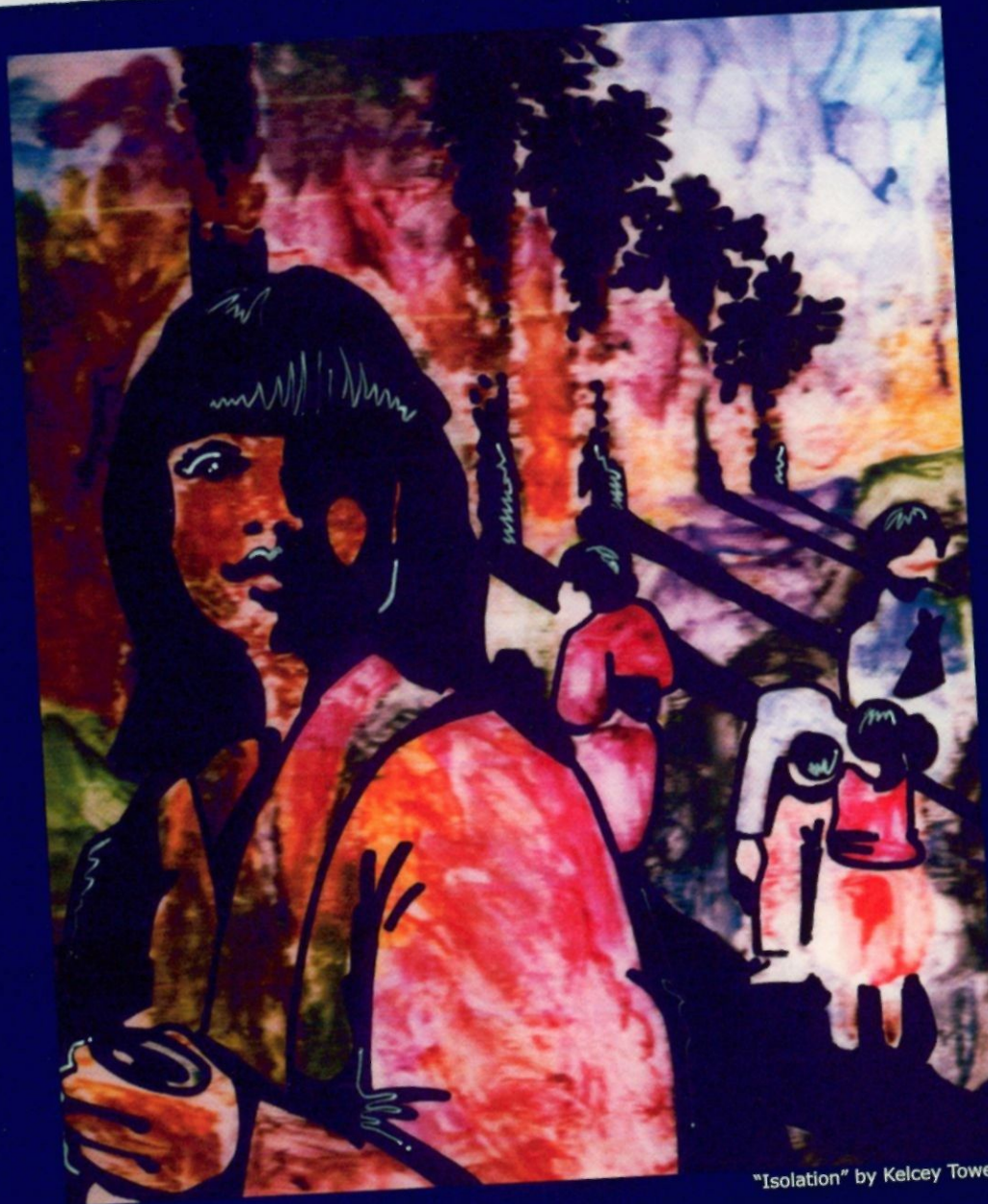
million Mexicans do not have birth certificates. The children who do not have certificates cannot attend school, register to vote, or apply for passports or visas. They have no legal identity, no evidence of existence. Because the lack of an educational infrastructure has created mass illiteracy, those Mexicans living in abject poverty do not have the skills to file for the necessary papers to immigrate legally. Thus, more and more Mexicans cross illegally in hopes to earn wages that will support their families.

Tragically, an increasing number of people die crossing the border each year. In Tijuana, there is an art display on the border wall that has hundreds of crosses with the ages and names of those who died crossing into the US. This art display reports 432 recorded migrants who died crossing the border in 2006. Most migrants appear to be between 20 and 30 years of age, but there are memorials for teenagers and children as well. Such people are fighting to survive and support their families. They struggle against poverty and



"Beyond the Wall" by Kelcey Towell

*"...Remember
to respect the
humanity of every
human being in the
world, regardless
of nationality,
educational merit,
or socioeconomic
status."*



"Isolation" by Kelcey Towell

the dangers of crossing illegally, and they often fall victim to coyotes—human smugglers who are largely unconcerned with their safety and subject them to extreme dangers.

When they reach the U.S., migrants often meet nativism, prejudice, and stereotypes that amplify their struggle and further alienate them. Cruel generalizations discredit their humanness. "Mexicans do not speak English." "They are not smart." "They are only good for menial labor." The stereotypes—openly declared or latent in the mindsets of many Americans—continue. Some people argue that illegal immigrants compete with American citizens for lower-wage, menial labor. While this is not an entirely false assumption, as illegal immigrants do occupy a large amount of lower-paying jobs, they are certainly not competing for jobs that solely American citizens could or would do.

According to a 2007 article in the New York Times, farmers in California have depended on the cheap labor provided by illegal migrants for many decades, making Mexicans the largest ethnic farm workers in the California since the 1920s.

Migrant workers are given seasonal farming jobs in farms across the United States. They are placed in substandard housing and paid scanty wages that scarcely provide for life in the U.S. The housing and basic resources with which many are provided do not meet any sort of minimal safety requirements.

There exist inadequacies on the part of both nations involved regarding trade, labor policies, immigration policies, education, health care, and availability of living wages. The overwhelming number of illegal immigrants allows the public to view immigration in terms of numbers, causing the stories and struggles of these people, who were born into a world without any privileges, to become obsolete. Do not forget that these immigrants are real people, desperately fighting to improve the lives of their children and community. In the US they are alienated, marginalized, and taken advantage of in the process of their great struggle. It is important to remember to respect the humanity of every human being in the world, regardless of nationality, educational merit, or socioeconomic status.



A CRITICAL DIAGNOSIS

By Sanjana Ravi

Photo by United Nations

It is the fastest-growing area of the economy in many countries. It is the subject of heated political debate. It costs billions of dollars to manage, requires millions of workers to allow it to run smoothly, and, for millions more, is a lifeline, an unaffordable luxury, and a burden. It is the healthcare industry. From world powers to developing countries, the struggle to provide people with proper, affordable access to medical services is proving to be a difficult battle to win. Red tape, rising insurance costs, and expensive treatments are but a few of the reasons that so many individuals lack adequate coverage. Below is a summary of what four nations are facing and what they are doing to resolve the healthcare crisis.

USA: In 2006, despite the United States spending more on healthcare than any other country, over 43 million Americans did not have health insurance. In fact, over the past forty years, economic inflation, fewer practicing physicians, and growing dependence on technology have resulted in higher medical costs overall. Proper coverage is easy to find. In fact, many citizens purchase insurance privately, obtain it publicly through government-funded programs such as Medicare, or receive coverage as an employee benefit. However, while the quality of care in the U.S. is irrefutable, many consumers feel burdened by the escalating fees of accessing such care. The government, for instance, may approve new drugs, but it cannot mandate price constraints on such products. As a result, drug manufacturers exercise nearly full control over costs of medications, and treatment is often available only to those with comprehensive insurance and ample financial resources. To close the gap in the accessibility of care, the

government is expanding the Medicare program to include additional benefits for the elderly and is hiring foreign professionals to bring their expertise to the field.

CANADA: Accessible. Oppressive. Affordable. Deceptive. Strangely, all of these words have been used to describe the same institution: the Canadian healthcare system, a government-funded establishment lauded for providing Canadians with free, universal coverage. An instrumental piece of legislation, the Canada Health Act of 1984, established criteria for facilitating such efforts. Unfortunately, the benefits of universal healthcare come at a heavy price for the consumer. Most Canadians pay healthcare premiums every month, and hefty portions of

their incomes go toward taxes. Although offered medical care is excellent, patients must endure long waits to receive diagnostic tests, undergo surgery, and consult specialists. Thus, many Canadians elect to confer with American doctors for treatment. Low salaries have also prompted healthcare professionals to seek work elsewhere. In 2004, in response to the system's limited capacity of treatment, the government initiated a multibillion-dollar plan to revamp the system by reducing waiting times and offering a broader scope of care. As a result, Canada has opened new health facilities, hired more specialists, and launched a public health agency to respond to crises.

INDIA: India, a developing nation, spends over \$22 billion annually on healthcare, its third largest area of expenditure.



Photo by United Nations

Regardless of their position as the fastest-growing sector of the economy, the Indian healthcare system remains surprisingly unstructured. In particular, rural areas suffer from a lack of medical facilities and hospital beds. Charitable organizations and clinics provide

satisfactory treatment, but government hospitals, by contrast, are considered below par, both for care and for organization. Furthermore, many Indians do not carry insurance. Thus, when illness strikes, the costs of treatment can severely



Photo by United Nations

overwhelm patients, forcing them below the poverty line. Moreover, private practitioners, many of whom are uncertified, provide the vast majority of care. As a result, the public sector is underutilized, and patients put themselves at a higher risk of mistreatment. Economic improvement, however, has led to a greater emphasis on preventative care, and an influx of hospitals in both rural and urban areas has allowed Indians to access a wider variety of medical services. Consumers, too, have grown more vocal, demanding higher-quality care and purchasing insurance in higher numbers.

SOUTH AFRICA: Many describe South Africa as a country of extremes. The majority of South Africans live in conditions ravaged poverty. Meanwhile, the wealthier upper class enjoys the benefits of a first-world society. Unsurprisingly, the country's healthcare system reflects this social dichotomy. In 2002, South Africa spent over \$36 billion on the health-related needs of its upper-class citizens—an estimated seven million people. In the same year, the government spent a mere \$3.1 billion on healthcare for its impoverished population of nearly 35 million individuals. Medical spending varies greatly from province to province; in fact, many poor areas choose to overlook healthcare in favor of education. While South Africa offers excellent care, especially in private hospitals, it is usually available only to those who can afford private insurance. Still, even those who purchase coverage pay for many treatments out of their pockets and save their insurance for emergencies. Healthcare workers worry about the growing number of AIDS cases each day, as well as the lack of roads, telephones, and technology in rural areas, which makes it difficult to access treatment. Despite these obstacles, the government is working steadfastly to extend service to regions of dire need and to increase regulation of the private sector. In addition, free public healthcare was recently made available for pregnant women and young children.

In light of the many pressing needs related to healthcare, it seems as though fixing the crisis is like fighting a losing battle. With such different countries coping with similar situations,

“From world powers to developing countries, the struggle to provide people with proper, affordable access to medical services is proving to be a difficult battle to win.”

there is no easy solution. However, proper enforcement and regulation of health-related policy should help people at least to afford coverage. By understanding the different healthcare systems employed today, progress can be made toward formulating a plan providing universal care. Various organizations, too, are working to improve conditions around the world through charitable work. A few dollars a month, for instance, can pay for a child's vaccinations and thus prevent the onset of illness later in life. Whatever the steps taken, small changes make big differences.

Photo by United Nations



For more information:

www.cdc.gov
www.pbs.org/healthcarecrisis.htm
preventdisease.com
www.indianchild.com

The Saint Louis University **PRISON INITIATIVE**

By Kenneth Parker, PhD

Watching television can change your life. This certainly happened to me in April 2007, when I sat down on the couch to relax in front of "60 Minutes." The opening segment was about the "Bard College Prison Initiative," a college-in-prison program started by a socially conscious and motivated undergraduate over six years ago. The television show featured faculty engaged in intense classroom discussions and inmates arguing in the prison yard...about Hegel and Kant. The reporter described how the lives of incarcerated students and their families had changed. Professors seemed utterly transformed. I felt convicted.

I like to think of myself as a Catholic theologian animated by the call to social justice. My parish (Saint Vincent de Paul near downtown Saint Louis) has many outreach programs and devotes more than half of its budget to serving those who are economically poor and homeless. The Jesuit commitment to justice for the marginalized gives my work at Saint Louis University direction and purpose. Yet using my intellectual skills in prisons had never crossed my mind. The next day,

I spoke with a friend who had spent six years in prison and said, "Someone at SLU should do this. I just don't have the time." She fixed me with a stare I could not avoid and said, "No one is too busy to do the right thing once they see that it needs to be done."

I started investigating the issue and was stunned by what I learned. Beginning in the mid 1970s and continuing into

the early 1990s, college-in-prison programs brought hope and facilitated transformation for thousands of incarcerated women and men. The impact on society was statistically impressive. In 1987, the Bureau of Prisons reported a direct correlation between recidivism rates and the amount of education a prisoner received while incarcerated: the more years of education, the lower the likelihood of repeat offenses.

Multiple studies that followed confirmed this, finding rates of recidivism as low as zero to 15 percent (when 60 percent was the national average). One study of 200 inmates, tracked over a 25 year period, found that the only prison programs that had 0% recidivism rates were colleges-in-prison.

Despite the impressive evidence of benefits for offenders and society, in 1994, Senator Jesse Helms and Representative Dick Gephardt led a campaign to eliminate Pell grants for incarcerated individuals. As a result, more than 350 college-in-prison programs in 45 states closed. Higher education opportunities in prisons came to a halt. In a nationwide system of more than 5,000 prisons, fewer than 10 programs have reemerged since 1995.

Considering our Jesuit tradition, it seemed that Saint Louis University should lead the response to this need in Missouri, where no college-in-prison programs exist. I brought the idea to the chair of the Department of Theological Studies, who responded with immediate and unequivocal support. At our May 2007 faculty meeting, I received the backing and endorsement of my colleagues. By July, Bonne Terre Prison, a facility of 2,800 inmates, became the focus of our efforts. That same month, I spoke with the executive director of the Incarnate Word Foundation and received a promise for half of the funds needed for the planned pilot project. In August,

*"As a society, we have
allowed our leaders
to leave broken lives
scattered and cast aside.
We bear a collective
responsibility to gather
these lives so that they are
not wasted."*



Photo by Sr. Jackie Toben

leading administrators at Bonne Terre approved the goals of the proposal and sent it to the Missouri capital for state administrative approval. Following approval from the SLU administration in September and permission from Jefferson City in December, the SLU Prison Initiative was officially born.

The announcement of the program in the prison generated more than 300 applications in less than five days, out of which we selected 15 students. They are an impressive group of men, most of which have never attended college. Yet one has taught himself Greek and reads the New Testament daily, and another wrote an award-winning script. There are musicians, self-made teachers, and men with penmanship that rivals any I have ever seen. The first session was intimidating, not because of the prison setting, but because of the intensity of the inmates' desire to learn. Already I feel changed—transformed—by the experience, and I look forward to the continuation of this program in ways impossible to explain.

At the miracle of the feeding of the multitude, Christ commanded his apostles to "gather up the broken pieces so that nothing is wasted" (John 6:12). As a society, we have allowed our leaders to leave broken lives scattered and cast aside. We bear a collective responsibility to gather these lives so that they are not wasted. Education is an indispensable asset that ensures incarcerated people leave prison with a purpose and the ability to lead meaningful lives.

We can all play a part in helping such a crucial initiative to grow. Email your elected representatives and tell them that Pell grants for prisoners are a small investment that will reduce our prison population of more than two million (housed at a cost of \$60,000/per person annually). Tell them that this is the best-known way to limit or quell the possibility of repeated offenses. Promote college-in-prison programs in your local communities. Volunteer to tutor in a prison GED program. You will not only change the lives of others. You will change yourself.

"No one is too busy to do the right thing once they see that it needs to be done."

Photo by Maggie Driscoll



Gateway to the Gifted

By Elizabeth Coz

It's a sunny Tuesday, I am unprepared, and I got 2 hours of sleep. I'm not skipping classes, I'm just taking a "mental health" day. Parking spots are completely full—except the handicapped spot. Semi-joking, semi-serious, I think, "Well, I could probably pass as disabled after the day I've had!" Jokes aside, I do suffer a disability. And its therapy resides among the helpless.

Disabilities have been sidelined by social issues like global warming, homelessness, HIV/AIDS, and fair labor practices. Disorders such as Down syndrome and Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder are not discussed in presidential debates. People with disabilities have been ignored. Do we realize that, at one time, the fear of a disabled child was one of the leading reasons for abortion? It seems that the disregard shown for these men, women, and children rationalizes a lack of immediacy for action in their favor.

However, since 1964, one global organization has been boldly working to change this ideology. The International Federation of L'Arche was founded by Jean Vanier, a Catholic Canadian living in France, when he welcomed two mentally handicapped men into his home. His recognition of the message conveyed in the Beatitudes—"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven" (Matthew 5:3)—led him to change lives. With over 120 L'Arche communities in 18 countries, what began as a humble attempt to offer companionship to the disabled has become a worldwide movement. It has demonstrated how mutually beneficial relationships between volunteers and developmentally disabled adults can be.

The influence of L'Arche continues to spread in response to the lack of governmental assistance and the inability of some families to care for handicapped adults. Translated "the Ark," L'Arche is a symbol of diversity, refuge and hope. Its charter states, "[L'Arche] communities, founded on covenant

relationships between people of different intellectual capacity, social origin, religion and culture, seek to be a sign of unity, faithfulness & reconciliation."

These Christianity-based homes for adults with mental handicaps emphasize shared community, dignified living, and the sacred value of all human beings. The central tenet of L'Arche is not about caregiving, but rather about living in community and calling others to that same joyful simplicity that can draw humans to one another. L'Arche challenges what the status quo of society considers indications of worth: tangible output, verbal eloquence, attractive appearance. One of the foundational principles of L'Arche declares, "Whatever their gifts or their limitations, people are all bound together in a common humanity. The fundamental rights of each person include the rights to life, to care, to a home, to education and to work. Also, since the deepest need of a human being is to love and to be loved, each person has a right to friendship, to communion and to a spiritual life."

What volunteers quickly discover is that lack of intellectual capacity is not a fault. Rather, it leads to potential for compassion. Sister Marjorie Wisor, O.S.F. not only served as a witness to this compassion, but further facilitated its influence by helping to establish The Arch home in Clinton, Iowa, in 1974. With the surrounding rural area already impoverished, Wisor said, "I knew this community would be poor. I did not expect to be the one who was on the receiving end of grace." With no intention to remain involved with, let alone director of, this project, Wisor found that what she anticipated to be a temporary involvement ripened into a profound connection to Jesus and an understanding of His mission. "These people do not have the gifts of the mind to remember the past or plan for the future. This lack of memory and

***"Whatever
their gifts or
their limitations,
people are all
bound together
in a common
humanity."***



Photo by Patrick Turner

disposition to judge others embodies the Beatitudes because all they have is right now, the present. And in this present moment, they live so intensely and gratefully, putting people above things and time," said Wisor, her eyes shining.



Photo by Patrick Turner

The "gifts of the mind" that volunteers present to core members—those with mental handicaps—by living alongside them are reciprocated by the core members' "gifts of the heart." Whether it is an unprovoked hug, a loud announcement, or a spontaneous smile, the difficulties core members have taken a back seat to their identities as individuals, friends, and contributing members of the community.

Like Wisor, Sam Wilson, S.J., never imagined that L'Arche would become such an integral part of his life. He was sure his involvement was temporary. Reflecting on his years of accompaniment, he explains just how powerful these communities of brokenness are in showing the beauty revealed in imperfection. "The charity, patience, and attentiveness of the core members are expressed through an acute sensitivity to friendships; they find ways to comfort you and share your suffering," be it exhaustion, frustration or the pressure of time, Wilson says. This friendship fosters a realization of worth and embraces the inherent dignity of the members. Wilson continues, "They are the ones with the PhDs in relationships."

Mr. Marty O'Malley, director of the L'Arche Daybreak Community in Mobile, Alabama, was so confident in the pure beauty of the community that he and his wife chose to raise their children among its members. "In Mobile, all our members have vast differences in background and mentality based on each of our histories," says Mr. O'Malley. "If you are involved with L'Arche, you enter a world of the heart, not the head. In this world, you experience the affective side of yourself, and an awareness of...intellect or ethnicity become insignificant."

Mr. O'Malley's daughter, Kara, is a junior at Saint Louis University. She has a foundation which most college students do not: she recognizes the human in each person by second nature. "I've never had an awareness of members' diagnoses. She's not 'so-and-so' with this or that disability. She's Lilly."

Kara experienced the atmosphere of trust, security and mutual affection these mentally handicapped adults need in order to be valued, accepted, and supported in real relationships.

That atmosphere of affection, of relationships, is one we are called to create among our own communities. The "world of the heart" emphasized in L'Arche communities connects often-forgotten human faces to important issues commonly overlooked by society. Undoubtedly, many other issues are deserving of attention and action, but the focus of L'Arche on acknowledging each person allows our shared humanity to take over. Only from this point of view do issues have potential to be solved.

In light of this perspective, I am disabled. I am disabled by personal ambition and the fast-paced pressures of society. Yet my condition is treatable. The exciting thing is that this counter-cultural opportunity for community is coming to our own city. With hopes to open by 2009, the St. Louis L'Arche will offer a way to break from egocentrism and align ourselves, in solidarity, with its members, becoming part of a worldwide movement for change.

President Jimmy Carter said, "I think that, regardless of our culture, age, or even personal handicaps, we can still strive for something exceptional. Why not expand our sights instead of restricting our lives and accepting the lowest common denominator of a dormant existence? Faith...will permit us to take a chance on a new path, perhaps different from the one we now follow. It may be surprising where it leads." Open the gateway to the West and enter the L'Arche gateway to the gifted.

L'ARCHE ST. LOUIS CALL TO ACTION

Currently, there are over 130 L'Arche communities around the globe, and a new community will soon be added here in St. Louis! With plans to open in 2009, planning and concrete action for L'Arche St. Louis are currently underway.

If you would like to find out how you can become a part of this initiative, consider attending a Sunday Social, where you can meet and talk with those working on L'Arche St. Louis. The events will be held on June 8 and September 14, 2008, from 1:30 until 3:00 pm at the Life Skills Conference Room, 10176 Corporate Square Drive, St. Louis, MO 63132.

For more information on how to take action, contact Friends of L'Arche St. Louis at 314.606.2504 or larchestl@aol.com.



Students Helping Students Across Borders

By Ryan Clavelle, Jennifer Lay, and Jessica Trout

In the spring of 2007, we had the wonderful opportunity to study abroad in El Salvador through the Casa de la Solidaridad program. After our time in Central America, we came back with a desire to keep our experience alive in a way that would positively benefit our Salvadoran friends.

Studying and living alongside Salvadoran students, we noticed the importance and possible benefits of higher education as well as the financial limitations that keep most Salvadorans from studying. All of our Salvadoran friends would not be able to study at a university without the scholarships they receive. After graduating, many have returned to their communities and created youth groups, community organizations and after-school programs. Others have dreams of starting their own business and providing for their families. These scholarships have given our friends the opportunity to dream and to create change within communities.

Through the OneWorld organization, we created a committee of SLU students dedicated to raising money to provide a five-year scholarship for a Salvadoran at the University of Central America (UCA). The committee is comprised of Brittney Robertson, Amanda Textor, Sarah Turner, Lauren Verzal, and ourselves. Through various events and individual fundraising, we have raised \$3200 to date. We've sent this money to the UCA, and it will be combined with the gift of another donor to provide a scholarship for a student selected by the UCA Martyrs Scholarship Program.

This program has been granting scholarships for nearly 15 years to students who demonstrate the potential to succeed academically yet lack the economic means to pursue a university education. Each year, the program has approximately 50 candidates competing for only 12 scholarship spots. With our scholarship, one more student will have the opportunity to study at the UCA.

We'd like to acknowledge the support of several individuals and groups: our fellow Casa alums, Danielle Mackey, Brendan Kottenstette, and Lainey Trahan; St. Croanan's parish; OneWorld magazine; our dedicated committee members; the many people who donated money to the scholarship; and all those who encouraged and supported us in this endeavor.

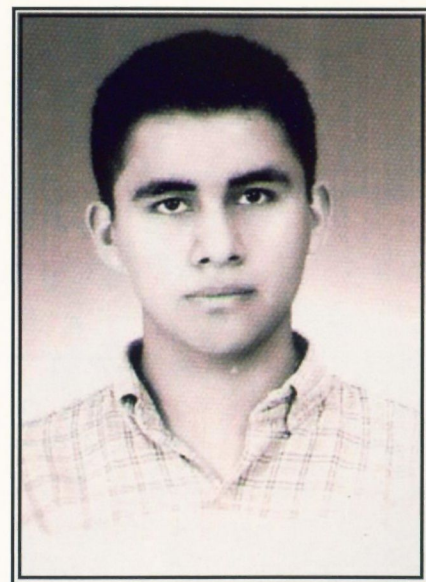


Photos by Ryan Clavelle and Jessica Trout

Salvadoran Scholarship Recipient

Froilán Alberto Paz Leiva is the first recipient of the SLU scholarship.

Froilán Alberto Paz Leiva is an eager high school graduate student from El Salvador. He lives with his parents and two sisters. His father works as a mechanical operator, and his mother is a waitress at a popular diner in town. According to a social economical study conducted by the UCA, the monthly income for the Paz Leiva family is \$380.00. Froilán hopes to pursue a career in Public Accounting. Thanks to the Salvadoran Scholarship, Students Helping Students Beyond Borders, he will be closer on his journey to becoming successful.



Beyond the Borders

By Isabelle Cross

Puzzle Piece #1

I don't think I'm alone in here.

Quite the disturbing thought to have at 5 am while huddled in a room in a foreign country. I glanced over at my roommate, whose sleeping form I could scarcely make out in the pre-dawn light enveloping our room. The shuffling and flapping continued as I scrambled around in my bed, feeling around the straw and covers. I sensed the hard shell of my flashlight and cautiously flicked it on. A brown bat materialized beneath the beam, wavering and dipping ever closer to my bed. Outside, the loud fighting that had been continuing all night between the roosters and dogs had finally ceased. The screeching had faded peacefully, but now the roosters were victoriously belting out their morning announcements. Giving up any lingering hope of sleep, I began plotting in my bed. I figured that if I could avoid the bat, I could make it outside to the bathroom. I sized up the bat, took a deep breath, and reminded myself that I had a six-foot advantage. I went for it and bolted outside.

"Buenos días, Isabelle!"

Startled, I stopped and immediately caught sight of the beautiful, smiling face of my host mother, Tina. She embraced me with a warm hug and kiss and began asking a bubbly stream of questions as she prepared breakfast. I laughed and chatted with her as she cooked and occasionally fed me bits of my favorite vegetable. The other family members gradually arose from their self-made beds on the floor (they had insisted on giving us their beds for the week to ensure our comfort) and began to get ready for the day, offering their morning greetings as they passed. Dawn was just breaking as they dressed and prepared themselves for a long, hard day of work.

After a couple of hours, the kids of the community started to appear outside as they got ready for school. I ventured over to wash my sweaty clothes in the large water basin that was typically used for the household's laundry, dishwashing, and bathing purposes. Small fish were swimming around inside, and a horse sauntered up to take a drink as I scrubbed my clothes. Soon enough, the huge brown eyes and mischievous grin of Melby emerged from beside the basin, and immediately engaged me in a huge splashing fight. I had originally thought that the constantly-present Melby was related to my host family, but he actually lived with a household of eight down the road. It was almost impossible to distinguish which community members were related by

blood. People were constantly visiting and seemed to have such close relationships that I, before learning otherwise, thought that they all belonged to the same family.

Melby, as usual, completely dominated our contest. I emerged a complete mess. In spite of the fact that I looked/smelled/appeared worse than ever before, I had never felt more whole, real, grateful, and alive.

I am not alone here.

Puzzle Piece #2

The sidewalks were flooded with people. I felt like a foreigner struggling to find my way through the huge city I was going to be exploring during my vacation. As I attempted to navigate my way to my friend's apartment, a gripping wave of stress swept over me. Activity and skyscrapers surrounded me. Taxis were honking, aggressively swerving through the crowded streets lined with people talking loudly on their cell phones. Someone bumped into me, stepping on my foot and making eye contact only long enough to shoot me such

an offended look that I remorsefully apologized. People deftly dodged fellow strangers, hot dog stands, homeless people, and trash cans as they moved along, eyes focused straight ahead. The streets were packed full of dazzlingly bright lights, huge stores, trendy restaurants, shining cars, and stylish people speed walking to their destinations. Exhausted

and picking my way through the crowd, I finally found my friend's apartment. After spending some time happily catching up and carefully selecting our dresses and high heels, we excitedly got ready to venture out into the city to celebrate New Year's Eve. Two of our other friends arrived soon after, well-dressed and smiling.

After waiting in line for a long time, we arrived at the front door of the club. The bouncer sized us up carefully. We apparently passed the test...that is, all of us except for one, whom he singled out and addressed:

"I'm sorry man, but you can't come in here. You need a button down shirt before we'll let you in."

The bouncer stared at us blankly as we explained that we had traveled many miles to see the city and that it was too cold to walk several blocks to find an open clothing store. A group of heavily made-up girls behind us complained loudly about the cold, rolled their eyes, and told us to hurry up. Humiliated for our friend and disgusted by the bouncer's cold lack of concern, we set out to find a shirt. After an hour, we finally

"We think sometimes that poverty is only being hungry, naked and homeless. The poverty of being unwanted, unloved and uncared for is the greatest poverty. We must start in our own homes to remedy this kind of poverty."
—Mother Teresa

made it into the club. This was the moment we had been excitedly awaiting: celebrating New Year's Eve in a beautiful city.

We spent the following hours dancing and talking amongst the clinking glasses and dim lights. I could barely hear the voices of those around me as they competed with the blaring, pulsing music. Overwhelmed and lost amidst the people, I looked around.

I feel so alone here.

What does the word "poverty" bring to mind? Do you think of the developing world? Do you consider the developed world? Who do you believe to be the most affected by poverty?

As citizens living in a developed country, we often think ourselves as able to happily live freely outside of poverty's grip. We have every resource imaginable: shelter, food, clean water, sanitation, electricity, healthcare, education, and a path to our career of choice. In a world of the "haves" and the "have-nots," it seems apparent to which group we pertain.

But are the lines so tightly drawn?

People living with every opportunity and resource available are not exempt from poverty. They are instead afflicted with other kinds of emotional, spiritual, and social poverties. In a part of the world where physical appearance is emphasized, material goods are signs of success and status, and happiness is often predominantly measured by individual self-fulfillment, it is no surprise that the value and identities of many human beings are lost in the process. Furthermore, with the ability to communicate and interact efficiently by cell phones, email, text, and online chatting, it is extremely easy to avoid having to touch anyone in our society—to forget the people that exist behind it all.

Yet, for those living in a middle-to-upper class society that "has everything," why is it that unhappiness still exists? Why is it that people can toil endlessly to have a successful careers and wake up feeling empty on their fortieth birthday? How can people feel like isolated foreigners in their own countries and cities? Why is there loneliness when we are surrounded by so much activity and opportunity? Why do we see teenagers with jutting hipbones carved by eating disorders in a land of abundance? Why do isolation, disconnection, and indifference seem to accompany the progress evident in modern life?

It is undeniable that there are millions of people tragically losing their lives due to hunger and disease under severe economic poverty. Still, the full breadth of poverty is not captured simply by a lack of economic or material resources; such things are not the sole components of the human experience. What do we have that they do not? Maybe an equally important question to consider is, "What do they have that we do not?"

It is not only the poor living across the world or even in our own cities whose basic needs aren't being met. We, too, are surrounded by people who find themselves in a different state of lacking. Some of their basic needs—purpose, community, family, acceptance, and love—are not being met. They do not understand the importance of their place in the greater body of people that form our world.

When you look at the world, what do you see? Do you see lines or faces?

Poverty is shaped by borders. Just as we sometimes forget those suffering outside of the borders of our country, so often we overlook those beyond the borders that we ourselves construct. In our society, there are still distinct borders between the "rich" and the "poor," those that "fit in" and those that do not, between those who are "like us" and those who stand in contrast. We live behind walls that prevent us from being free to fully live the lives we imagine. We find ourselves alone and trapped almost as severely as those living on the opposite side of the border. Both sides are dehumanized.

People, in all of their complications, intricacies, suffering, and joy, are perfect in their imperfection. It is what makes us human: our most sacred identity. One must value and love one's own life and self before being able to do the same for others. One must be fully alive before one can truly

understand that all lives are worth fighting for. One must be able to acknowledge and love those beyond the

borders that exist inside of themselves and their world.

In the end, it is people, confined by borders, who populate this world. No matter how far removed we are from those who are "different" from us, it is fairly likely that they, too, have felt the emotions and wonderment that accompany the human experience. This is the common thread that binds us together.

Thus, when those who "have" engage with those who "have not," a mutually beneficial relationship forms. Perhaps the reason that many people talk about the amazing feelings of love and accomplishment that accompany acts of service is because in giving, they receive something they were previously lacking. Both parties are served when one party reaches out.

A global community, to me, is like a puzzle. Every single part is uniquely shaped and colored on its own, but is a crucial part of the greater entity. A lone puzzle piece has areas of excess where it curves out, as well as areas where it has nothing and curves in. Yet, when combined with another puzzle piece, both fill each other's gaps and are full as a result. Puzzle pieces are not shaped like squares whose borders are straight, rigid lines. The puzzle would still appear united, but would fragment and shatter when disrupted, since its parts were not tied to each other. However, with the integration and linkage of all pieces, a strong, unbreakable picture emerges.

So it is that when we open the borders carved in our hearts and societies, we might just emerge unified and whole.

"Borders are scratched across the hearts of men..." -Marya Mannes

EXPOSING SLUDGE

By Mike Reddy

"The hardest part is trying to sleep on a rainy night when you know that the slurry impoundment can give way and wash you out at any second." These words, spoken by a longtime resident of Martin County, Kentucky, resonate with the worries of a people that have long been ignored in our society. In fact, many of us have never even heard of slurry or the impoundments in which it is contained. To us, Martin County carries little significance, just another one of the 3077 counties in the United States. It seems impossible to think that it could have been the site of one of the largest environmental disasters to afflict our nation.

On October 11, 2000, a slurry impoundment broke through the underground mine below it, resulting in the inundation of two valleys of the Appalachian mountain range with over 200 million gallons of coal sludge waste. This disaster was 30 times larger than the Exxon Valdez oil spill, killing almost all aquatic life and poisoning the drinking water and farming soil of thousands of residents. The sludge-flooded houses, clogged water-treatment plants and essentially shut

down a region on the Kentucky-West Virginia border. The repercussions of this catastrophe are still being felt today by the residents of this area in the form of heightened rates of cancer, birth defects, and the constant fear of another potentially fatal sludge spill.

To understand this phenomenon, we must take one step back and define some terms. What is sludge and why must we store it in the mountains? Once Appalachian coal is mined, it contains numerous impurities that make it unusable for burning. In order for the coal to be viable, it must be washed with chemical flocculants. The mixture of the chemicals with the impurities creates a black, tar-like substance called sludge (also known as slurry) containing numerous toxins such as arsenic and mercury. Unable to dispose of this toxic waste, coal companies store it in enormous reservoirs, called impoundments, unseen from the ground and the communities below. According to Ted Williams, a writer for the Audubon magazine, there are about 600 sludge impoundments in the Appalachian Mountains. Over 200 of the impoundments—including the one that led to the Martin County disaster—are built over underground mines. These startling numbers



underscore the imminent dangers of continued use of the sludge reservoirs.

The sheer amount of these impoundments in the Appalachians begs the question of whether or not there are concrete regulations for their construction and upkeep. Surely there must be tangible ramifications for coal companies who do not take the necessary steps to ensure the safety of those who could be affected by their intrusive coal mining practices. Was the Martin County disaster simply an accident or was it the result of negligence on the part of Massey Energy Company, the owner of the impoundment? Bob Simon of CBS' 60 Minutes stated that investigations into the sludge spill revealed a small spill at that same impoundment just six years earlier. However, Massey chose to ignore the problem to avoid a small added expenditure, yet failed to realize the serious future implications this decision would have.

Months after the sludge spill, the already poorly regulated coal industry gained another ally in 2001 with the inauguration of the Bush administration. According to Jack Spadaro, former head of the Mine Safety and Health Administration (MSHA),

“WE MUST REALIZE THAT OUR PRIORITIES SHOULD TRANSCEND PROFITS AND FOCUS ON THE PEOPLE AND PLACES THAT COMPRISE OUR BEAUTIFUL NATION.”

the Bush administration decided to soften the regulation of energy companies with the intent of increasing energy consumption in the United States. One of the companies that supported the administration and benefited from this move was Massey Energy. As a result of this influence, the investigation of the devastating sludge spill was essentially terminated and Massey received a fraction of the violations it deserved. Massey was responsible for paying \$110,000 in fines, a miniscule amount for such a profitable company.

What does the future hold for these inhabitants? Says the Ohio Valley Environmental Coalition, it seems it is not a matter of if, but rather when, some of the other impoundments will break. Due to a lack of foresight and regulations, these reservoirs will continue to flood the valleys of Appalachia with toxins that will eventually leave the area uninhabitable for humans and wildlife alike. It seems inconceivable that an area famous for its natural beauty and role in our nation's development will be allowed to fall to the wayside due to the decadence of business and governmental leaders. As a country, we must realize that our priorities should transcend profits and focus on the people and places that comprise our beautiful nation.

Photo by Peter Knudtson



Haiti

Population 8,706,497

Religions Roman Catholic 80%, Protestant 16%, none 1%, other 3%; roughly half of the population also practices voodoo

Government Republic

Location Caribbean, western one-third of the island of Hispaniola, between the Caribbean Sea and the North Atlantic Ocean, west of the Dominican Republic

Population below poverty line 80%

Social justice issues Haiti endured many years of political violence following a slave revolt in 1804. In the past decade, the country has witnessed an armed rebellion against the government, experienced an interim government under the guidance of the United Nations Stabilization Mission in Haiti (MINUSTAH), and, in 2006, inaugurated a democratically elected president. With these political changes came many instances of conflict and violence. Currently, peacekeepers from MINUSTAH have been attempting to secure civil order in the area.

In Haiti, violence against women is another cause of concern. Although a demonstration was held recently to protest this violence, little progress has been made on an official level to help prevent crimes and punish those responsible.

Prison conditions in Haiti are extremely harsh. Overcrowding and medical neglect are of the greatest significance in this sense, as well as the lack of nourishment. According to Amnesty International, inmates have to rely on family members to provide food.

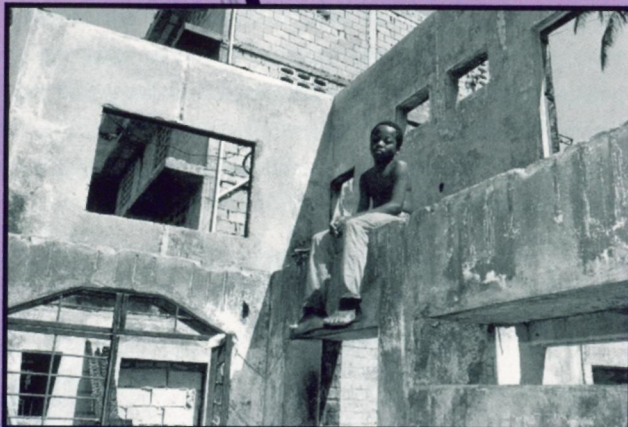


Photo by Mev Puleo



Photo by United Nations

1

3

Liberia

Population 3,195,931

Religions Christian 40%, Muslim 20%, indigenous beliefs 40%

Government Republic

Location Western Africa, bordering the North Atlantic Ocean, between Cote d'Ivoire and Sierra Leone

Population below poverty line 80%

Social justice issues In 2003, Liberia finally saw peace following years of civil war, and the United Nations sent peacekeepers to the area to ensure stability. Many refugees fled the area during the civil war and moved to neighboring countries, such as the Cote d'Ivoire. In the past few years, ethnic disputes among the refugees returning to Liberia have sparked conflicts, so violence is not uncommon, despite the nation's current non-warring status.

Another important issue is the recruitment of child soldiers. Due to the unstable political and economic situation in neighboring Cote d'Ivoire, various groups in the nation have attempted to cross the Liberian border to recruit Liberian combatants, including children.

Women's rights in the area have been a major topic of discussion. A lack of security and control in recent years has led to many rape and sexual assault crimes in the nation. Currently, laws are being passed to punish perpetrators and to demand just representation in area courts.

Spotlight On...

For more information,
check out these websites.

www.earthtimes.org

www.amnesty.org

CIA Factbook



Photo by United Nations

2

Indonesia

Population 234,693,997

Religions Muslim 86%, Protestant 6%, Roman Catholic 3%, Hindu 2%, other or unspecified 3%

Government Republic

Location Southeastern Asia, archipelago between the Indian Ocean and the Pacific Ocean

Population below the poverty line 17.8%

Social justice issues In the northernmost province of Indonesia, a political movement raged between the government and armed separatists in the early part of this decade. During that time, many human rights violations were committed—some even by the security forces in the area. In 2006, the government and the separatists reached a peace agreement that allowed the democratic election of the current president.

After the 2004 tsunami, Indonesia suffered several more natural disasters, including a more recent tsunami and an earthquake. The nation has been successful in reconstruction efforts, but many people still remain homeless and without adequate necessities.

Debates about the death penalty occur frequently. According to Amnesty International, some people on death row do not receive fair trials, and others are treated badly during their retention in prison. The detention centers themselves do not meet international standards, and abuse and neglect are common.

Bosnia

Population 4,552,198

Religions Muslim 40%, Orthodox 31%, Roman Catholic 15%, other or unspecified 14%

Government Emerging federal democratic republic lead by a rotating (based on 8-month cycles) tripartite presidency composed of three representatives from three of the major ethnicities represented in Bosnia

Location Southeastern Europe, bordering the Adriatic Sea and Croatia

Population below the poverty line 25%

Social justice issues The Bosnian War raged from 1992-1995 and was principally fought between the Bosnian-Muslim-majority government and the Bosnian Serbs. Between 200,000-110,000 Bosnians were killed, and another 200,000 were injured. Almost two million people were deported or forced to flee their homes, and approximately 35-45,000 live in St. Louis today.

Kosovo, a controversial Balkan region that formerly formed 15 percent of Serbia, recently unilaterally declared its independence on February 17, 2008. The extreme unrest resulting from this action taken continues to mount between Serbia and Kosovo, further dividing the surrounding countries and world.

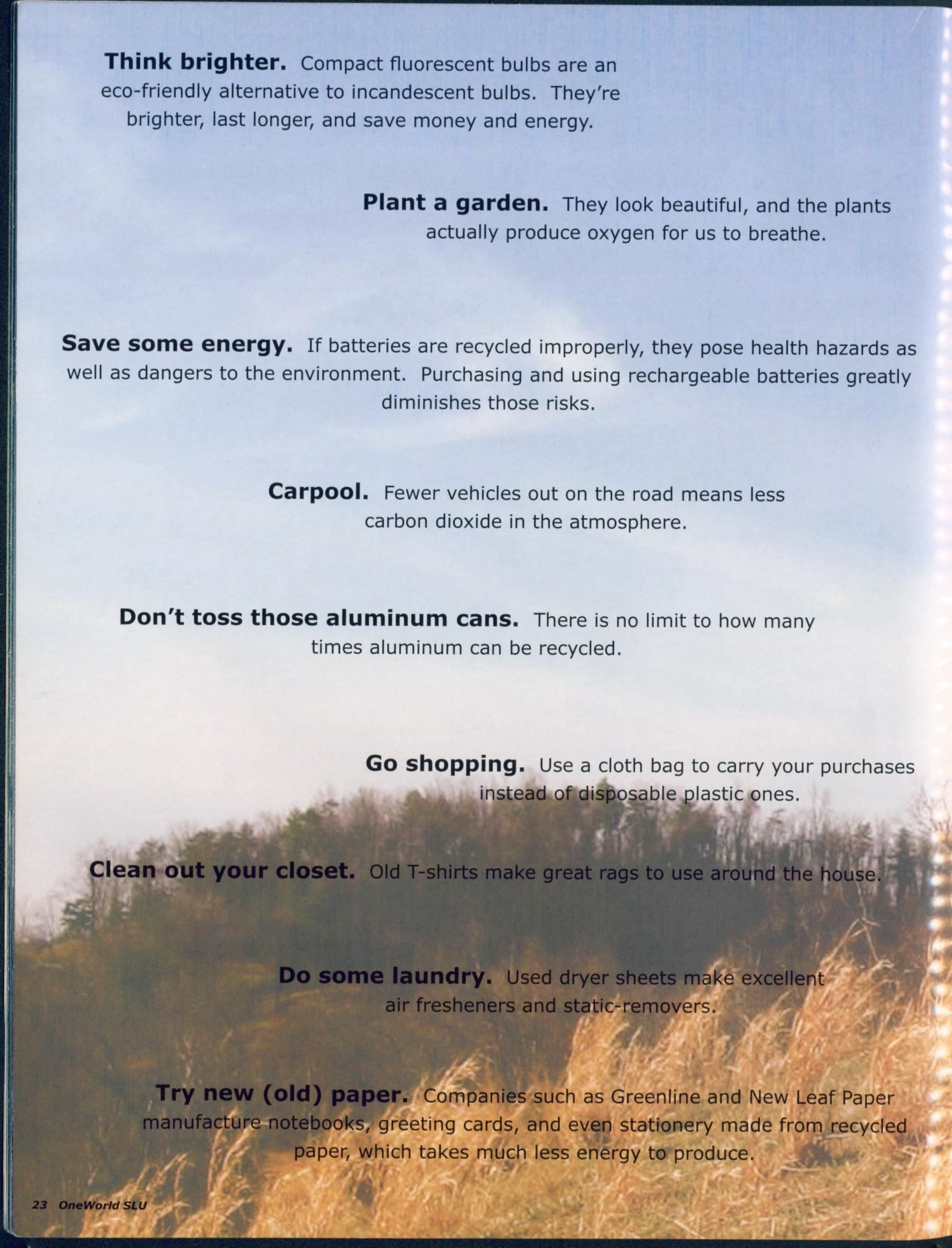
In Bosnia, 60 percent of houses, 50 percent of schools, and 33 percent of hospitals were damaged or ruined during the war. Power plants, roads, water systems, bridges, and railways were also destroyed. Sarajevo and the rest of Bosnia have made much progress in rebuilding but still have a long journey ahead. They are becoming increasingly dependent on tourism, which was recently halted due to the discovery of over 600,000 mines from the war that remain active and buried in Bosnia.

Violence is still a problem in Bosnia, especially amongst juvenile delinquents. The motives for many of these crimes have been linked to financial and religious reasons.

4



Photo by Stacey Shanahan



Think brighter. Compact fluorescent bulbs are an eco-friendly alternative to incandescent bulbs. They're brighter, last longer, and save money and energy.

Plant a garden. They look beautiful, and the plants actually produce oxygen for us to breathe.

Save some energy. If batteries are recycled improperly, they pose health hazards as well as dangers to the environment. Purchasing and using rechargeable batteries greatly diminishes those risks.

Carpool. Fewer vehicles out on the road means less carbon dioxide in the atmosphere.

Don't toss those aluminum cans. There is no limit to how many times aluminum can be recycled.

Go shopping. Use a cloth bag to carry your purchases instead of disposable plastic ones.

Clean out your closet. Old T-shirts make great rags to use around the house.

Do some laundry. Used dryer sheets make excellent air fresheners and static-removers.

Try new (old) paper. Companies such as Greenline and New Leaf Paper manufacture notebooks, greeting cards, and even stationery made from recycled paper, which takes much less energy to produce.

Buy in bulk. Buying larger quantities of items such as groceries reduces the amount of material used in manufacturing. Plus, it's less expensive!

Spread some holiday cheer. Use fruits, nuts, and plants to decorate your home during the holiday season. Many of these items can be composted after use.

Donate old footwear. Rubber-soled shoes can be recycled to construct new soccer fields and basketball courts.

Try alternative energy. Solar power, geothermal energy, biofuel, and hydropower are all great substitutes for burning fossil fuels.

Save water. Front loading washing machines, gas dryers, and low-flow showerheads are great ways to reduce water consumption.

Spread the word! Increase awareness by showing others how we can "green the world" one step at a time.

GO GREEN!

HOW TO PROTECT OUR PLANET

BY SANJANA RAVI

Photo by Peter Knudtson

A PATH OF SOLIDARITY

By Mark Chmiel

In a 1948 dialogue that took place between French writer and unbeliever Albert Camus and a group of Dominican priests, Camus admitted that, like many others in Europe during the recent years of carnage, he had hoped for a clear and decisive word of protest from Pope Pius XII. That protest never came. Camus made this challenge to his Christian dialogue partners: "What the world expects of Christians is that Christians should speak out, loud and clear, and that they should voice their condemnation in such a way that never a doubt, never the slightest doubt, could arise in the heart of the simplest [person]. That they should get away from abstraction and confront the bloodstained face history has taken on today. The grouping we need is a grouping of [people] resolved to speak out clearly and to pay up personally."

Three decades after this meeting, a bishop appeared in Central America who confronted the "bloodstained face" of his own country. The scales fell from the eyes of Salvadoran Archbishop Oscar Romero when his priests began to be persecuted for their work with the poor. Soon, Romero himself began to see the suffering faces and endangered lives of campesinos, workers, and human rights activists. Romero embraced them, championed their cause, spoke out relentlessly on their behalf, and paid the ultimate price as he was murdered for his "option for the poor." Shortly before his death, Romero wrote U.S. president Jimmy Carter, and pleaded with him to cease giving military aid to the Salvadoran government. Carter never responded.

When I was in my early twenties, I was moved by an appeal made by the prolific American Catholic monk Thomas Merton on behalf

of the Vietnamese Buddhist peace activist Thich Nhat Hanh. In this 1967 message to his many readers and friends, Merton

"The similar teachings, values, and practices of compassion, mercy, justice, and solidarity in different religions make possible the more efficacious collaboration and broader coalition-building this world desperately needs."

encouraged them to work on behalf of the authentic peace movement represented by Nhat Hanh. Merton expressed his unity with the Buddhist in the following way: "It is vitally important that such bonds be admitted. They are the bonds of a new solidarity and a new brotherhood [sic] which is beginning to be evident on all five continents and which cuts across all political, religious and cultural lines to unite young men and women in every country in something that is more concrete than an ideal and more alive than a program. The unity of the young is the only hope for the world."

Since the early 1980s, it has been my good fortune to have role models, teachers, and friends who have embodied Camus' "speaking out" and "paying up" and Merton's "new solidarity." With the leadership of Father Jim Flynn at Saint William's Catholic parish in Louisville, Kentucky, we offered "Sanctuary" in the 1980s to Salvadoran refugees who had fled the mass murder and torture practiced in their country. However, the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service



Photo by Sarah Markenson

declared such refugees “illegal aliens,” fit for deportation. Our community decided to stand with the Salvadorans and provided Maria, Manuel, and their children—one Salvadoran family—with shelter and friendship. The rectory was once ransacked, arrests were threatened, and some parishioners opposed to the church being “political” left, but the community experienced new life from our guests. Some learned Spanish, and others shed their naiveté about U.S. foreign policy in Central America.

From the mid-1990s to the beginning of the U.S. invasion of Iraq in 2003, members of Chicago’s Voices in the Wilderness traveled to Iraq to bring medicine and other supplies to Iraqis suffering from a U.S./U.N. sanctions program that, according to UNICEF reports, was killing thousands each month, especially children. One of the group’s members was Kathy Kelly, who has spoken at Saint Louis University several times in recent years. For her and her friends, the U.S. insistence on the sanctions to supposedly weaken and harm the dictator Saddam Hussein was clearly causing devastation throughout Iraqi civil society. Activists from Voices in the Wilderness made repeated trips to Iraq, fully knowing that they risked huge fines and possible imprisonment for breaking the sanctions. Like those of us involved in Sanctuary, the Voices activists came to see reality from the standpoint of the Iraqi people, not that of “power politics.” They were able to cut through the political rhetoric and media abstractions because of their friendship with Iraqi Muslims living under unimaginable stress and grief. Some of these activists continue to maintain contact with Iraqis in the face of the worsening violence unleashed since the U.S. occupation began in 2003.

One of my teachers in graduate school was a Jewish theologian who not only challenged his Christian students to become aware of the terrible history of Christian anti-Semitism—especially in “civilized Europe”—but also to become aware of and respond to the Israeli occupation of the Palestinian territories. Mindful of his teaching, a few years ago I worked with the International Solidarity Movement to promote nonviolent resistance to the Israeli occupation in the West Bank and Gaza Strip. One basic form of solidarity in Rafah was to spend the night in homes with people who felt at risk because of the location of their homes near the border with Egypt or in neighborhoods where there had been previous widespread demolitions by the Israeli army. We came to be with the families just before breaking the Ramadan fast, then we—Jewish, Christian, and Muslim—spent the evening having political and theological discussions, drinking tea, and getting tours of the homes or neighborhoods before trying to go to sleep. Throughout the night, we heard the rumble of the tanks patrolling nearby, the gunfire from sniper towers, and the explosions across town of yet more homes blown up. We took heart from the courage of the Palestinians: parents raising their children, youth trying to get an education, and

Muslims practicing their faith in spite of often excruciating circumstances.

I could detail other examples of initiatives and movements in recent years, like U.S. citizens protesting C.I.A. extraordinary rendition at Aero Contractors in North Carolina, university folks working at a Catholic Worker house of hospitality, and students befriending men on Missouri’s death row. For those with the requisite curiosity to investigate, there are countless groupings of women and men—young and old, from many countries and different spiritualities—that are willing to speak out clearly and pay up personally. The similar teachings, values, and practices of compassion, mercy, justice, and solidarity in different religions make possible the more efficacious collaboration and broader coalition-building this world desperately needs.

At this time, it is fitting to reflect upon another unsettling statement from Albert Camus about World War II: “During these four dreadful years all Frenchmen were witnesses to a crime not foreseen by any law (and in saying this we are weighing our words carefully): the crime of not doing enough.” As we mark the fifth anniversary of the U.S. war of aggression and occupation of Iraq, can we honestly say that we are doing enough?

Photo by Sarah Markenson



SOCER WITH SPENSA

By Lauren Olson

It is 7:30 a.m. and my alarm clock is blaring in my ear. I groan softly and hit the snooze button. I turn over for five more minutes of precious sleep, but then I remember why I am waking up so early on a Saturday morning: SPENSA. As I struggle to get out of bed after a long week of classes, practices and a game late the preceding night, I think, "It will be worth it. It always is."

As volunteers for the Special Needs Soccer Association (SPENSA), the Saint Louis University women's soccer team spends Saturday mornings giving back to the community by sharing our love for soccer with the physically challenged. SPENSA allows children with disabilities to experience the benefits of teamwork and self-esteem that soccer brings.



Photo by Kevin Lowder

For me, SPENSA is more than a community service project. While I teach the kids how to make a pass, dribble around a cone, or shoot the ball into the back of the net, they teach me more important life lessons.

I have learned the value of **dedication**.

Kristin is a 22-year-old SPENSA veteran. Rain or shine, she is always on the field, waiting to greet us with a warm smile and eager to learn as much as possible. When Kristin began attending SPENSA, she struggled to transition her walk into a simple jog. Today, she is one of the most skilled participants in the advanced group. With her consistently positive attitude, Kristin's soccer abilities improve with each passing practice.

For me, Kristin is a shining example of the tired old saying, "Never give up." Although I may not excel at all of my endeavors, whether running sprints at soccer practice or writing a research paper, I am reminded that perseverance yields more success than initially envisioned.

I have learned to dream.

Brad, a 26-year-old man who has been attending SPENSA for 10 years, insists that everyone call him “Elvis.” By imitating the smooth smile, swagger, and sass of his favorite rock star, Brad attracts all types of people and is always the center of attention.

Why not approach each new day as if we were someone different, with a new personality and new mindset? As a college student, I have a tendency to see the future through the confines of my academic major. But as I think of Brad, I ask, “Why limit myself to journalism or a future law degree?” Who knows where my Saint Louis University education will take me in life? I can be whoever I want to be. I can imagine the many possibilities. Brad reminds me to dream often and dream big.

I have learned to laugh.

At SPENSA, Jack does not want to learn how to pass. Jack does not want to learn how to head a soccer ball. All Jack really wants to do is laugh and have you laugh with him. With the cutest giggle that spreads faster than a contagious disease, Jack quickly becomes everyone’s favorite.

Maybe life is as simple as Jack sees it. As the stress from school and soccer starts to build, I think of Jack. I remember to take time to see each new day as a gift and to enjoy the people around me. Life is too short not to laugh.

I have learned to love.

One morning, Matt, another SPENSA veteran of 6 years, unexpectedly ran up behind me, clutched my face and planted a friendly kiss on my cheek. At the time, it caught me off-guard. However, looking back, it was one of the most memorable wake-up calls I have had in years.

If only we could all love as freely, openly and energetically as Matt does. Without realizing it, I am often blinded by my own busy routine and relatively insignificant worries. As a result, I am unable to recognize when others around me need a helping hand, a listening ear, or a compassionate heart. With his heartfelt, friendly kisses, Matt demonstrates what it means to love my neighbor, whether stranger or friend, as myself.

Be dedicated. Dream. Laugh. Love.

Although I cannot physically take Kristin, Brad, Jack, Matt and the other SPENSA participants with me as I venture beyond SLU into the future, I can, and will, take their inspiring life-lessons. I volunteered with SPENSA expecting to teach the game of soccer. I had no idea how much I’d learn about the game of life.

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CHILE: A CHANGING SEASON

By Chris Ryan, SJ

How do you begin to write about a summer that changes your life? About experiencing a second language not as something to learn, but instead as the medium of experiences whose profundity can't be translated? About falling in love again with a people who, in their simplicity and generosity, continue to teach me so much about how to live as a Jesuit, as a Christian, in authentic solidarity with others? Not easily, thanks to the experiences and company that filled two months in a long, slender, and beautiful country at the southern end of the world.

When I finally touched down in Santiago on the morning of my 25th birthday, after having been delayed in Miami for a day, I was thrilled to be on Chilean soil, in spite of being greeted by pouring rain and wintry cold. The Jesuit community welcomed me with joy, listened with interest to my ordeal in traveling south, and celebrated my birthday with cake, ice cream, and the community superior playing "Happy Birthday" on his accordion. The warmth of my new brothers—ten guys in their 20s and 30s studying philosophy like me, and five

priests working on a variety of assignments—was an amazing consolation, comfort, and support. They more than made up for the lack of central heat in the house during what turned out to be the coldest winter in twenty years in the Santiago region.

The interior chilliness of the house was good motivation for me to get out, and I visited all of the apostolates where members of my community worked. In schools, parishes, pastoral communities, service organizations, shelters, and more, their passion to meet and accompany the poor was inspiring. Here I encountered the warmth and receptivity of the Chilean people, rich and poor alike. I encountered many young people my age, some floundering for meaning in their lives as they balance between the influence of American culture increasingly creeping into Chile and time-honored connections and traditions with their families and their fellow citizens.

Over countless cups of tea, lots



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of questions about similarities and differences between the US and Chile, not to mention the choice of religious life, abounded. I like to think we all got closer to the realization that the most important motivations in our lives revolved both around relationships—with God, with family, and with friends—and around one's responsibility to one's people and to the wider world.

While I spent a large portion of time in Santiago, I also saw a third of the country during the month of July. Amid roughly 2000 miles of bus travel, I met old friends and made new ones, beheld the stark beauty of the world's driest desert and the radiant sunsets over the Pacific Ocean, and built houses alongside high school students for the rural poor. At the same time, these places and people built in me the joy and peace of smiles, laughter, and gripping stories under a night sky filled with stars. Campesinos (people who make a living in remote areas) taught me

that it doesn't take much to live well. Apart from shelter, water, food, the best gifts life has to give are community, faith, quiet reflection, and nourishing conversation. One night I stood on the shore of the reservoir where students and I had just built a house, chatting with a fisherman about what a blessing it seemed to me to live simply in the midst of a stunningly beautiful landscape. While he agreed with me about the natural splendor, he taught me that there's nothing romantic about the suffering, daily hardship, and uncertainty of poverty. However, the presence of someone to share in it, whether from around the corner or around the world, is priceless.

The Chilean people—young and old, Jesuits and laypersons, rich and poor, urban and rural—showed me the importance of solidarity and hospitality. They taught me to embrace the stranger, or perhaps the annoying neighbor, with love instead of fear, with friendship instead of aloofness, as a new brother or sister, for they did the same for me. And Chile itself urged me to treasure the richness of creation, the strength of true human community, and the power of an open heart.

A BREATH OF HOPE...

A Reflection from the Bronx

By Dan Finucane

Last year, I traveled with other SLU students to the Bronx for a spring break immersion trip. However, it did not immerse me gently. The Bronx dragged me head-first into a situation which submersed me in an urban "baptism of fire" and held me there until I could barely breathe. When the week was over, I felt released! I could finally allow the air back into my lungs, although it was terribly painful at first. I stumbled over the experience in my mind and my heart as I unraveled this new jagged mass of memories and thoughts. Upon returning, I was angry—furious even—and no one seemed to understand the entanglement of feelings that were coursing through my head. It took me several weeks to regain a sense of calm in my life. Almost a year later, I can breathe easier. I still have memories of the trip, but the initial anger and frustration are gone. Only faces stand out clearly, and even those are beginning to fade into a dull gray in my mind. One person, however, remains with me, almost as if he is sitting beside me now.

Joe is a black man, about 80 years old. Despite his age, his skin remains taut around his knuckles and muscles on his hand; the same can be said about his arms.

Wrinkles are difficult to find as well, although his face certainly bares a rugged hardness of a difficult life. Joe has been homeless since birth and,

in fact, has no record of his own birth—no social security number and no birth certificate. Most in our society would say that Joe doesn't exist. I shook Joe's hand and watched as he wept while sitting, face in his hands, on the edge of his bed. Joe exists.

I met Joe when Sr. Lauria, a nun who has known and cared for Joe for years, took us to Joe's recently acquired apartment. The room we walked into reminded me of how Jacob Riis' portrait of early 20th century tenements would look today:

a greasy and bug-infested living space that, by most people's standards, would be considered unlivable. We spent our hour with Joe killing hundreds of insects behind his refrigerator, cleaning the grime off of the walls and floors, and simply sharing conversation with him. It wasn't the bugs, the stench, or the filth of the room that disturbed me most. Instead, something Sr. Lauria said as we drove away from the apartment managed to do this. She told us that when she first helped Joe move in, she gave him the key to his apartment and watched as he struggled to use it. His attempt ended in failure when he could not figure out how to unlock his door. Up until that moment, Joe had never used a key to open a door. In fact, she said, he still had trouble with this simple task. Tears welled up in my eyes.

I have had several months to think about this moment, and I have begun to see the truth implicit in my time spent with Joe. While the entire trip challenged me, it also altered the lens through which I view poverty. Human poverty does not stem from a lack of material goods or money, but from the absence of hope.

I came back angry from my experience, but at the time I didn't understand why. I think I do now. When I saw the beauty of Sr. Lauria's care for Joe and the persistence of Joe's spirit—despite the very fact that he legally does not even exist—I recognized the poverty within myself and realized that I will never be as strong as Joe. He revealed to me what it means to have true hope. I was angry when I encountered this, in part due to its absence in my life. It is this hope revealed that has breathed new life into me and into my reflections on who is truly impoverished.

DID YOU KNOW?

- In 2003, children under the age of 18 accounted for 39% of the homeless population.
- The homeless population is estimated to be 42 percent African-American, 39 percent white, 13 percent Hispanic, 4 percent Native American and 2 percent Asian.
- Thirteen percent of the homeless population is employed.

www.nationalhomeless.org



Photo by Ginny Winninger

THREE OF THOUSANDS

By Stacey Vojta

In 2005, UNICEF estimated that 150,000 children in Kenya are living with HIV. These are three stories.

Samuel was small. His hands and feet were ice cold in the Kenyan winter. He wore a gray, zip-up sweater and torn shorts.

We were in the Good Samaritan Home in Mathare, a slum of Nairobi, where Mama Mercy takes care of over 70 orphans. The home consists of one building, filled with single bed frames that each hold two or three children. There is another building that has no roof. While the orphanage waits for funding, the cement foundation is used as a field for soccer played with balls made of plastic bags, a dance floor, or practice space for the tumbling crew. Across from this are pens for a few pigs and goats. Mama Mercy has the children collect garbage around the slum, and the garbage is fed to the pigs to make them fatter. The fatter the pig, the more money it can be sold for and the more school uniforms Mama Mercy can buy. Primary education is free in Kenya, but each student must wear a school uniform. The uniform usually costs about \$12, and, even at that price, many children cannot attend school.

"Mama Mercy walked over and said, 'Yes, he is positive.' My heart sank."

I had been to the home the year before. Last time, I met two brothers named Alex and Commande. Mama Mercy normally tries not to assume responsibility for babies because she simply does not have the resources to care for them. She does not have the time to hold them, comfort them, and let them learn the human touch. This time, however, she made

an exception for Alex and Commande. Their story began with their mother trying to drown them three times before leaving them at the doorstep of the home. Alex is now a quiet little boy with too serious of a face for his young body. Commande is taller but his face is expressive, full of sadness and tears. After spending a few hours with him, I taught him how to use a tissue to stop his runny nose. Meanwhile, Alex never smiled the whole time.

This year, I sat on the step trying to reconnect with the now older, and bigger, brothers. That's when I met Samuel.

He emerged from the building and approached me. With his arms reaching over his head, I instantly picked him up and held him in my arms. I held his cold hands in mine, and he gripped me tightly. Slowly, after a long time sitting this way, he rested his head on my shoulder. Our bond grew strong. We were connected, fated to meet each other.

A member of our group noticed small bumps on his back. Mama Mercy walked over and said, "Yes, he is positive." My heart sank. Positive has a negative connotation here. HIV positive. Samuel's mother had AIDS. He was born as a statistic. He was one of those 150,000. He was one of the nameless, the countless, the forgotten.

I held Samuel tightly, whispering to him that he would grow up strong. I promised that I would return to see him and would never forget. When my group left, I sat Samuel down next to Alex and Commande. Three boys. Three names with three faces. Three stories. Three of thousands.

FARSIGHTED

By Stephanie Osborne

There came a point in time when I realized that following the same path to and from school everyday to return home and watch television or finish my homework was not enough,

that waking up thinking everyone lived a life similar to my own was simply a ridiculous thought,

that ignorance was no longer acceptable.

There came a point in time when I realized that following the same path to and from school everyday to return home and watch television or finish my homework was not enough,

Paradoxically, in challenging myself to learn about others' experiences of life, I realized that permeating ignorance is an interminable battle, one that becomes longer the more I try to fight it. Yet, at the same time, this makes my efforts all the more necessary. I have found that the best way to combat ignorance is to experience others, to risk my security, and to assume nothing. Ignorance weakens when one surrenders to become vulnerable and to learn about another.

As a child, my father repeatedly reminded me that I was fortunate to have a roof over my head and food on my plate. I know I am a member of the one percent of the world attending college. However, growing up in a developed country that entitles education to all allowed me to neglect the imprescindible value of literacy.

The ultimate constraint is illiteracy. We live in a bigger picture.

Read the above line. The same symbols that form the words you are reading suddenly appear meaningless and nonsensical. Think back to when you were five years old, and estimate the amount of work that has been invested in you in order to enable you to recognize that those same symbols written above, once inverted and flipped, state:

"The ultimate constraint is illiteracy. We live in a bigger picture."

For several seconds, you lived in the shoes of someone who is illiterate. You would not necessarily know whether this page was upright or not. The letters hold no meaningful significance.

Now, imagine yourself, resettled into this completely foreign reality as a refugee escaping a treacherous war several years ago.

You are a Somalian man, age 50, living in St. Louis. You are verbally fluent in 6 languages, but are illiterate.

You are an Afghani woman, age 60, living in St. Louis. You were forbidden from ever attending school and are illiterate. You rely on public transportation but do not know how to read a bus schedule or a map. You are consumed by feelings of inferiority due to your lack of education.

You are an Iraqi girl, age 14, living in St. Louis. You never attended school in Iraq. You attend the 9th grade at a St. Louis public high school. You are illiterate and cannot count to twenty. You are expected to read *Lord of the Flies* and to solve algebra equations for your homework due tomorrow.

These individuals walk the streets of St. Louis, yet very few people understand their stories. Even fewer recognize their daily struggles with illiteracy and the absurdly high expectations we have for them. Today, these individuals live their lives in a new reality, striving to adjust to the new language, culture, and lifestyle that create their new "home."

"For one day, try to acknowledge how often you rely on your ability to read and be thankful for the privilege of your education."

Recognize that we live in a bigger picture: a city comprised of personal histories from international perspectives that connect us with the problems that haunt our globe. Because of this, that same picture is composed of small, individualized pieces. It is relevant to us. It is here, and it is now. Refugees and asylees live among us. Many have never had any formal schooling. Many have experienced indescribable trauma, including rape, torture, and persecution.

This reflection is a response to my experiences as an intern at the International Institute, a resettlement agency for refugees and asylees located about 3 miles south of St. Louis University's campus. The agency serves to incorporate these new, fragile, and vulnerable members into our busy, evolving, American city. My interactions with the members of the agency have conveyed to me the harsh reality of the inconsistencies our globe faces. I am still learning how to comprehend the privilege that I have been lucky enough to experience; I challenge you to do the same.

For one day, try to acknowledge how often you rely on your ability to read and be thankful for the privilege of your education. Remember what it means to have been able to read this article.

CALL TO ACTION

The **International Institute of St. Louis** conducts English literacy programs for adults and an after-school tutoring program for high school students. The Institute always welcomes volunteers. For more information, contact the International Institute at 314-773-9090 or visit their website at <http://www.iistl.org>.



The United States of America, *Remix*

By Greg Stock

I woke with excitement in the bitter cold of St. Louis for my first day of class of my last semester of college. I was eager for my classes and the opportunity to live out the new purpose I had found while studying abroad in El Salvador. I came back with a new sense of identity, a new sense of awareness, and a newfound love for community.

As I walked onto Saint Louis University's campus, I was bombarded with images and people that I did not know. All the familiar buildings that I once knew well seemed foreign to me. I realized that I looked the same as most students on this campus. I was no longer the "tall gringo" I was in El Salvador, and I was no longer the straight, white, suburban,

Midwestern man I had been prior to my departure from St. Louis. I walked on to Saint Louis University's campus, and I was gay. I came out in El Salvador, where I lived in a community in which I felt a safe and authentic love from 24 other American students.

When I returned, I wanted to focus on all the injustices El Salvador experiences in the shadow of the United States. I could write endlessly about the beautiful people I met and worked with or the complex culture that has been raided by government corruption. I could express my difficulty with learning a language and speak about the extreme poverty I witnessed. I think that is what one might want to hear from a study-abroad student who has just returned from his or her "experience." That is what is expected.

Nonetheless, these are not the things which I most need to address during this transition. Most heavy on my mind is this simple fact: I am gay now. Some people might be wondering, "What does this have to do with increasing awareness of a global world?" Coming back from El Salvador, I have returned to another culture, a place where homosexuality is a "hot topic." I want people to understand why I look at my campus and my community differently.

I see poverty here, just as much as I have in Central America or Southern Africa. We are impoverished because we do not have love in the most authentic sense.

Regardless of my sexuality, I learned what it meant to be in community where I was valued and loved for who I am. To be in community is to share your lives with each other. In my community, we shared our histories in an honest fashion. We also listened to each other. We listened with care to the daily happenings in each other's lives. Since we all

came from different backgrounds, we had to learn the difficult task of respecting one another's perspectives. Furthermore, there was patience. There was patience for each other's issues, complaints, successes, and failures.

Re-entry into the United States is unique to everyone who seizes the opportunity to travel outside of our nation's borders. Though it has been one of the most difficult experiences of my life, I have no

choice but to embrace all of our glories and downfalls as American citizens. I was lucky enough to gain a new sense of identity, a renewed awareness, and a newfound love for community. I hope each person reading this can try his or her best to experience these same feelings in unique and personal ways.



Photo by Claire Bira

"Regardless of my sexuality, I learned what it meant to be in community where I was valued and loved for who I am."



Women Beyond Bars:

Let's START!

By Katie Lucchesi

Photo by Sr. Jackie Toben

I really do not know where to begin after this past year's work. The people I met, the things I learned, the encounters I had—all were just too phenomenal to put into words, yet somehow, I'll try to convey the richness and meaning of the actual experience.

I began interning at St. Vincent Parish, near Soulard, in September of 2006. Initially, the site was foreign to me, but it soon became a place of comfort and welcome. St. Vincent is devoted to serving the poor, the homeless, and all others who find themselves in a state of need. Without a doubt, those who engage in this work are the most selfless people I have ever met.

"Through the struggles of the women of Let's Start, I have seen tears and pain, yet I realize that there is always hope for a brighter future."

At the beginning of my internship, my mentor, Sr. Jackie Toben, SSND, asked me what interested me. At that point,

I was unsure. I wanted involvements outside of my comfort zone that would challenge me and make me grateful for all I have. I was hit hard...after all, as they say, "Ask and you shall receive." I spent time feeding meals to homeless men, working with the Christmas program to feed families in poverty, teaching weekly religious education classes, and, most importantly, working with Let's Start.

Let's Start, a program for women recently incarcerated or dealing with an imprisoned loved one, was started by Sr. Jackie as a support process designed for women, directed by women. Not only had I never been to prison, but I had never known anyone who had. While my life has not been completely sheltered, incarceration had never impacted me the way it did during these months. I began as a bystander, sitting in the group sessions with

the women each week and listening to them speak to each other without reserve, fearless about what was going on in each of their lives. The women possessed true strength in the manner in which they discussed their personal journeys, both their joys and their struggles. In my mind, it finally clicked that there were no divisions and that it was possible to relate to women who had led lives very different from my own. I acquired immense knowledge and wisdom by simply sitting and being with these wonderful women. They all had stories to share, and they all taught me about appreciating God, family, and who I am. Each week, I left feeling renewed and in touch with the greater scheme of the world and those who inhabit it. I understood the struggles of these women and came to put my own into perspective. These women taught me what it meant to have faith in the phrase, "If God brings you to it, God will bring you through it."

A different but equally amazing experience involved taking the children on a bus trip to Vandalia, Missouri, to visit their mothers who were currently serving time in prison. The kids are considered lucky if they see their mothers more than four times a year, outside of the trips sponsored by Let's Start. It was incredible to witness the joy the kids felt upon seeing their mothers.

The day was phenomenal. We played Bingo, made crafts, and ate together, and I was able to see families filled with laughter and abounding love. As I watched mothers interact with their children, it struck me how blessed I am with my own family and how important it is to not lose sight of this amidst the little inconveniences of daily life. My attitude toward my family forever changed from that moment forward. In the eyes and hearts of the younger children, these women were simply their mothers; their absence and incarceration did not change that truth. The love of a mother never leaves, and that was evident the day we journeyed to Vandalia. At St. Vincent, I have found true understanding and love unmatched by any other experience in my life. Through the struggles of the women of Let's Start, I have seen tears and pain, yet I realize that there is always hope for a brighter future. I was so deeply impacted by the visits to the prison that allowed me to witness the immense love between

mothers and their children, despite the long periods of limited contact.

I will never be able to thank the women and children for how much they affected my life. I felt as if it was my responsibility to go to St. Vincent and help them, change them, do good for them; in the end, however, I was the one who was changed. The women I met are beautiful, strong, and blessed, and they serve as shining examples of how to cherish every moment of my life. I am confident that the awakening I have experienced in myself will stay with me and shape my life, even though the events themselves may fade with time.



Photo by Sr. Jackie Toben

CALL TO ACTION

Learn more about the Let's Start! program at St. Vincent de Paul and find out how **you** can get involved!

Visit www.letsstart.org.

Contact Sr. Jackie Toben, SSND, at
314.241.2324.

View firsthand accounts of the women at
www.youtube.com/watch?v=WHUYPbSbSEQ.

A MOTHER TO THOUSANDS

By Alexandra Roth

She always tells that same story whenever she first speaks to us. She tells the story of two young orphan boys from a rural part of Honduras who traveled for days to find her. They had no money, just the clothes on their backs and the hope that she would finally give them the home that they deserved. When they finally found her, she said that she looked at them the way that she has looked at the over 40,000 children to whom she has also given homes. She looked at them and realized that one of these children could be Jesus and that it is her obligation not only as a nun, but also as a human being, to care for them.

During my junior and senior years of high school, I had the opportunity to travel to Honduras during my spring break. The group with which I went stayed in a community called Nuevo Paraiso ("New Paradise") and worked on projects such as building fences and painting houses. The people I met there have made a lasting impact on my life, but Sister Maria Rose Leggol, a Franciscan nun, stands out the most. She is the founder of Sociedad de Los Amigos Niños ("Friends of the Little Children"), which aims to provide homes, education, and healthcare for orphans in Honduras, a country where 70% of the population lives in extreme poverty. Her work in Honduras has earned her the title "Mother Teresa of Central America."



Photo by Alexandra Roth

became a part of the order at the age of 23.

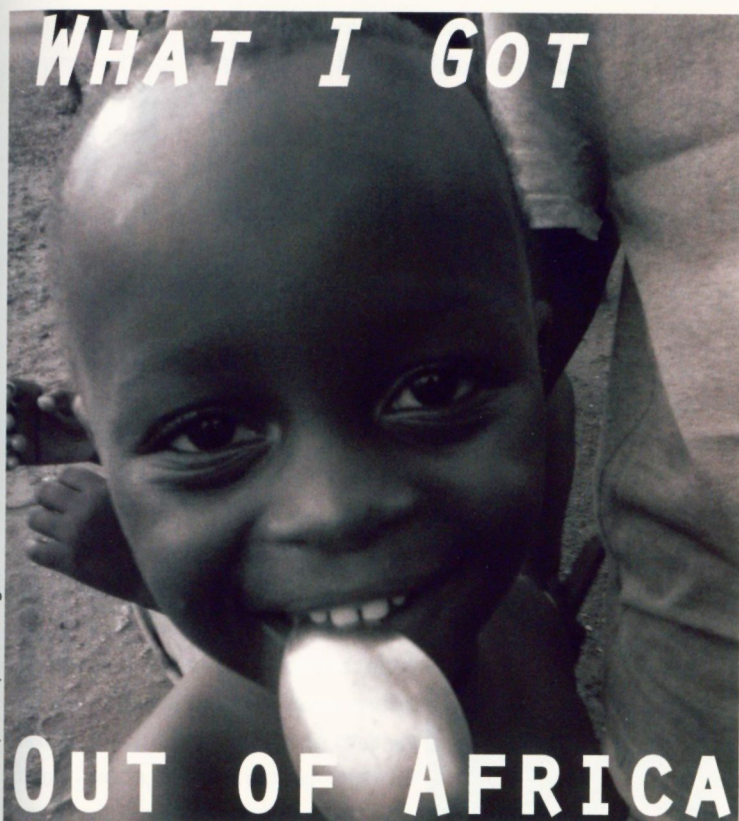
Her mission to provide a better life for the children of Honduras has given her a drive that is very evident in her persistence and refusal to surrender. This can be seen in a story that she told to the National Catholic Reporter in which she described her journey to get the John F. Kennedy "Alliance for Progress" grant so that she could build homes for some of the orphans. To obtain the grant, she found wealthy Hondurans to help pay for the additional costs of the project and was required to get signatures from all of them. On the day that the

signatures were due, Leggol realized that she was missing one, so she caught a taxi and drove to the man's house, only to discover that he had left for the airport. Even though she had no money, the taxi driver drove her to the airport. When she arrived, the plane carrying the sponsor was about to depart. However, Leggol refused to give up, so she ran onto the runway and chased after the plane, waving her arms and screaming for it to stop. Once the plane halted, Leggol climbed

aboard and obtained the needed signature. As a result, she was able to build the first ten of the now hundreds of homes that have been constructed by the Sociedad organization.

Now 80 years old, Leggol still displays that same determination that she had when she started the organization. She still works 16-hour days and displays her infectious smile at all times. Her most recent projects have included Montaña de Luz, a home for children with AIDS, and Flor Azual, a home and school for boys from rural communities. Despite her old age, which has challenged her ability to walk, she says that she will continue to perform the work that God wants her to do. After all, there will always be children who need a mother, and she says there will forever be "room for one more."

Leggol's sincere desire to help the orphans of Honduras is derived not only from her faith but also from her own experiences as an orphan. She was placed in an orphanage at the age of six by her single mother, unable to support both herself and a child—a common case for many of the orphans that Leggol has welcomed. Soon after, she saw a group of German Franciscans, and, after hearing about their mission, she decided that she wanted to become a nun. She was able to find those same nuns again at the age of nine and formally



By Emily Reid

I stood on the dusty ground as several preschoolers crowded in front of me with only a thin rope to hold them back from an exciting park exhibition. Suddenly, a small elephant walked right in front of us. I could feel the children, scared yet eager, pull back against my legs while more children and tourists juttied out their hands to touch the small but powerful creature.

All around me I could see different groups of children, ranging in age from preschool to high school, all looking in astonishment at six different baby elephants. As I observed all of the kids, I could tell there was something different about the group of children in front of me. These small children weren't wearing any sort of school uniform; instead, they were clad in worn street clothes. These children, led by nuns, did not appear to be as healthy as their peers. This led me to the dismal conclusion that these preschoolers were from an orphanage.

So there I found myself on the last day of my whirlwind African safari at the Daphne Sheldrick Elephant Orphanage in the Nairobi game park in Kenya, ironically watching a group of baby elephant orphans while in the midst of a group of little human orphans. The elephants had come from several surrounding national parks where they, like the children, had lost their mothers. They were sent to this one-of-a-kind orphanage where they could be cared for by humans until their eventual release back into the wild.

As I stood there captivated by the beautiful young mammals, I thought about all of the majestic, yet deadly animals that I

had the opportunity to see up close in their natural habitats. In only ten days, I saw wild animals in the world-famous Olduvai Gorge, Ngorongoro Crater, Serengeti Plain, Lake Manyara, Mount Kilimanjaro, and Tarangire National Park. The best times that my family and I enjoyed on the trip were when we met interesting locals by venturing off the beaten path. I loved going to a huge Christian revival in a tent that we stumbled into in a Nairobi park, and I loved experiencing lively music and dance at Kenya's Children's Music Festival. Traveling almost halfway around the world, I was ecstatic about catching a glimpse of the mesmerizing animals I had dreamed of seeing my whole life, but as I was standing there watching the elephants and the young children in front of me, I realized that I had gained more out of my trip through interacting with people rather than ogling animals.

The students' different hairstyles, uniforms, and language all intrigued me, but I realized that even though they seemed different from little kids at home, I knew their emotions were very familiar to me. The way the children interacted with the elephants with such enthusiasm reminded me of the way I felt on my first trip to the zoo, and, although drastically different, we experienced the same horrifying excitement of a towering animal. I finally understood that children from all walks of life really are the same because they all have a desire to learn and be amazed by the wonders of the world.

As I watched the orphaned elephants begin a rousing game of soccer, one of the elephants approached the spot where I was standing, causing all of the orphaned children in front of me to pull back. As this was happening, I felt something beneath me grab my hand. I looked down and realized that a small three-year-old boy was holding my hand. I'm sure he must have confused me with one of the orphanage caretakers, but I didn't mind. I just let him hold my hand. His fear was apparent; he simply needed someone to reassure him that he was safe. I'm sure this little boy will never know how much his simple mistake meant to me, but his small act showed that a single person possesses the power to touch and encourage people from all walks of life.

Photo by Ginny Winninger



IT STARTS WITHIN YOU

By Jesse Sullivan

"We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal." These words, first written in the founding document of our country, are engraved deep into the very soul of America. Yet, at the time they were written, slaves, women, and Native Americans might have found them to be a bit hypocritical. While the phrase is meant to exclude no one, our nation has sometimes conveniently left certain people outside of our "we" group when it didn't serve our purposes to include them. Only with time and the struggle of great social prophets have we awakened ourselves to the true meaning of this phrase. Abraham Lincoln employed this idea to help end the scourge of slavery. Campaigns for women's rights redefined the boundaries of the term to include not just all men, but all women as well. Civil rights advocate Martin Luther King Jr. stood on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial, demanding that our nation live up to its claim that "all men are created equal." Is there a deeper meaning still lying dormant in this phrase, just waiting for the next prophet to unify a generation around a truth that is yet hidden from our eyes?

The Declaration of Independence does not state that "all Americans are created equal." Rather, it declares that all men are created equal. Our policies suggest that we value American lives much more than those of non-Americans. Not only is this philosophy immoral, but it is also harming the legitimacy and security of our nation.

There are realists who believe that our nation should only pursue our own interests, regardless of the indifference our actions often show to other peoples and nations. Many claim that morality has no place in international politics. However, we would never think of torturing an American or holding

him or her without due process—the same actions we take toward foreigners at Guantanamo Bay. Can you imagine if the U.S. government valued life so little that they would be willing to blow up three houses in West County of St. Louis, killing nine civilians, mostly women and children, to eliminate one criminal? It is unthinkable. The American people would be outraged, protesting in the streets until those responsible were prosecuted. Conversely, if those people live in a small

village on the border of Pakistan, their lives appear to mean so much less to us that they are considered mere casualties. If you are the sister, brother, parent, or cousin of the innocent killed, how would you feel about America?

We espouse free trade and encourage strong developing countries to open up their borders to our exports. Yet, we subsidize our agricultural industry, making it impossible for farmers in the developing world to compete. Because we fail to follow our own rules, millions of farmers across Africa, Asia, and Latin America lose their livelihoods as their families starve. With the rest of the world, we pledged to give .7 percent of our gross national income (GNI) towards the United Nations' Millennium Development Goals, aimed at mitigating global poverty and disease. Currently, however, we are only giving .17 percent to this project, compared with the more than 20 percent of

our GNI spent on national defense. Imagine what a slight shift in our priorities could do for the world. This money comes from your tax dollars, and you have a say in how it should be spent.

On September 11, 2001, we learned that others' perceptions of our country matter to our national security. Poverty, inequality, and inadequate foreign policies breed terrorism. Increased military spending is not making our nation more secure, and we must address the root causes of these



Photo by Claire Bira

problems. If not, it is as though we are engaging our military in an endless game of Whack-A-Mole--without ever tackling the problem of why the moles are popping up in the first place. Aid and development for the poorest nations must be considered to be "preventative defense" (categorized under national security spending), and not simply charity.

We have an abundance of power at this pivotal point in history. As a result, we can freely wield our strength to pursue whatever goals we choose. As the current global superpower, we must ask ourselves if looking primarily after our own interests constitutes legitimate leadership. The great Jewish sage Hillel said, "If I am not for myself, who will be for me? If I am not for others, what am I?" We will not have our existing power indefinitely. Are we wasting our chance to shape the world for the better? Military ventures that force democracy upon a people are neither correct nor effective ways of affecting long-term change. A lasting way to achieve this is to strengthen international law and organizations. We have global problems, and we need global solutions and cooperation as never before in history. More importantly, we need a global solidarity and identity—a spirituality that reaches beyond our borders and values all people.

This is what it means to Live OneWorld. Each one of us must reflect on how much we personally value the lives of others, especially those who are marginalized, oppressed... and considered so different from us. Only once we begin transforming our own lives can we hope to transform the injustices of our society. It must begin within you, but it must not end with you.

I do not love America because we sit at the top of the political and economic structures of the world. What does it mean to be number one in a world where one billion people live on less than one dollar a day? What does it say about your leadership skills when 30,000 people a day are dying of hunger-related diseases? The reason I am proud to be an American is because of the creed that gave birth to our nation. We desperately need a generation to once again rise up and remind us of the true meaning of our belief that "ALL men are created equal."

Now is the time, and it starts within you.



Photo by Cait Clegg

CALL TO ACTION

Call to Action: Call or write your senator to support the Global Poverty Act introduced by Sen. Barack Obama. (<http://www.borgenproject.org/globalpovertyact.html>)

Listen to the song "Yes We Can" on www.youtube.com

Note: OneWorld does not endorse a specific presidential candidate (although Jesse Sullivan does).



The GOOD FIGHT

By Sarika Gupta

Socrates once said, "The unexamined life is not worth living." Indeed, so often we float through life with only a vague notion of what our passions and goals truly are. After all, sometimes the thought of stopping and considering our lives can be intimidating because we fear what we may discover about our innermost dreams. Each of us, however, is born with a person deep inside that is burning to be liberated from within us. This is how I started my time here at SLU: as a girl with budding dreams that were being stifled by doubts, fears, and other people's expectations.

Luckily for me, I could not escape from myself, nor could I feign ignorance towards certain realities that I have personally witnessed in the world. Since my family and I often go back to visit India, I have been repeatedly exposed to extreme poverty throughout my life. Therefore, I learned at a young age that vast discrepancies exist within the human experience. Sheer luck of birth landed me in one of the wealthiest countries in the world and in a household that allowed me to enjoy all that this country has to offer.

My life, however, is certainly not the norm for most of humanity, and it is this realization that has always haunted me. Over the years, it has cultivated in me a deep conviction that it is socially and spiritually irresponsible for me to separate myself from the suffering and struggles that millions of others face. I consider myself a citizen of the world and sincerely believe that good citizenship requires reaching out to the most disadvantaged in society. Furthermore, my faith tells me to see God within every person and realize that we are all interconnected parts of the same energy. As a result, I cannot sit idly when I am aware of the inequities and injustices faced by my fellow human beings.

Well, self-examination brought me this far, but, unfortunately, Socrates never told us what do next. I feel like this is a common crossroad encountered by many college students. We become passionate about an idea, a cause, a reality, or an injustice, but then we do not know what to do next. "What do I do with my passion? How do I make it part of my life? Or, do I make it my life? Is it really up to me to change the world? Why me? Why not me?" Oftentimes, these questions spin unceasingly in our minds, but no answers seem to emerge.

As we struggle internally for meaning, there are constant external social pressures confronting us as well. Our society promotes such professions as doctors, lawyers, accountants, and teachers, and it is difficult to imagine doing anything

"outside of the box" in our future. In my case, I felt like I never had the chance to see what it meant to be one of those people who actually works toward the social development and advancement of the most underprivileged and destitute members of humanity. It thus becomes easy to doubt whether such jobs really exist and whether it is even practical to want such things from one's professional life. After all, what guarantees us that we will be able to do something beneficial that makes it worth stepping out of our comfort zone?

Finally, I could no longer endure the inner turmoil and confusion, and I decided to seek experiences that would help me discover, once and for all, what I really wanted to do with my life. Consequently, this past summer, I worked as an intern with UNICEF in New York City, and this past winter break, I went to India to work with a few local non-governmental organizations (NGOs). I share these experiences with the aim of giving hope to others who struggle to find their roles in a world in which they choose not to live ignorantly.

UNICEF is an agency within the United Nations whose mission is to enable children to reach their full potential. In order to accomplish this goal, they provide special protection for the most disadvantaged, including victims of war, disaster, extreme poverty, violence, exploitation, and disability.

Because I was working at the UN headquarters, my experience as a UNICEF intern allowed me the unique opportunity to understand the organization and its programs on an international scale. I worked in UNICEF's Humanitarian Policy and Advocacy Unit—more specifically, in its Office of Emergency Programming. To give a brief overview, my supervisor was in charge of hosting UNICEF's Global Workshop on Internally Displaced People to be held in Jordan in September 2008. I helped compile and analyze the data needed for the creation of an international policy establishing UNICEF's strategic approach toward situations of internal displacement, whether due to natural disaster or armed conflict.

The most important item I need to convey now, however, is not the specific work I was doing with UNICEF, but what the experience taught me. While it may not be apparent to us as college students living within the "SLU bubble," there are many international humanitarian organizations like UNICEF that legitimately provide professional and effective ways to affect change in the lives of the billions of people in this world living in the clutches of poverty and human rights abuses. Thousands of people work in capacities that allow them to keep the most impoverished at the forefront of their thoughts instead of the back of their minds. Perhaps most importantly, their work is not in vain: it produces actual results and is successfully advancing humanity.

In India, I worked primarily for Deepalaya, an NGO in Delhi

that provides education for children marginalized by society: slum children, orphans, and children with disabilities. During my time with them, I had the opportunity to visit two of Deepalaya's schools—one in the city slums and one in a rural village. In these schools, I personally witnessed the impact of this NGO on the lives of hundreds of children who would not otherwise receive an education.

When we went to the school in the slums, the students were putting on an Annual Day Celebration during which they performed skits, dances, and songs for parents and teachers. I will never forget sitting in the audience and watching these slum children perform entertaining skits not only in Hindi but also in perfect English. It made me realize that not only was Deepalaya providing the children with an education, but it was a quality education far superior to what the government-sponsored schools currently offer the poorest people in Indian society.

When I visited the rural school, I had the opportunity to talk individually with several students. I will never forget Krishna, a 14-year-old boy who, as a six-year-old, was living at the train station and selling small items to passersby. At the time, concepts such as education and opportunities were, in many ways, intangible for him. Luckily, however, Deepalaya found Krishna and enrolled him in one of its schools when he was seven years old. He now recognizes the importance of education and dreams about what he wants to make of his life. He hopes to become either a painter or an actor. Upon the completion of his schooling, he also plans to search for his impoverished family and provide support for them.

I share these specific encounters because it is often easy to for all of us to become jaded by statistics. We read about poverty, hunger, and illiteracy and question how one person can do anything to help. At the grassroots level in India,

however, I saw real people helping other real people in real ways. It is possible to make a difference.

My experiences last summer with UNICEF and this winter in India have given me the confidence to pursue the direction I know is right for my life. Working to advance development in impoverished communities will allow me to utilize my compassion, my education, and my leadership skills in the most effective and personally fulfilling ways possible. Instead of going to medical school like every other member of my family, I plan to study in London to earn a Masters Degree in Development Studies and pursue a career in international development. In the long run, this decision could lead to an opportunity to work for a humanitarian agency inside the U.S., or it could lead to grassroots-level work in a developing country. Right now, I am unsure which path I will take, but I am at ease with this ambiguity.

Many of you have the same passion for change and the same questions of how to go about making that change. I understand that sometimes the hardest part is knowing where to begin. Based on my experience, I offer this advice: just start. Spend a summer, a winter, or a semester doing something your heart tells you is amazing, and see where it leads you. Don't think too much, because life is unpredictable. I've learned that, at the end of the road, if you have done something as simple as open one small school, you have conquered a problem for someone somewhere that otherwise may have never been addressed.

This article is for all those idealists who long to make a difference yet sometimes find nothing but isolation in their dreams. There is hope, and there will always be work to be done. Keep your faith, and keep fighting the good fight. Go ahead: save the world.

Photo by Stacey Shanahan





THE DAY

Photo by Meaghan Barringer

By Saba Mohiuddin

"Today is the day," I kept saying to myself. Today is the day. I faced myself in my dark, mahogany mirror. Peering at my own reflection, I thought about the change that I had been contemplating for some time. "This really isn't that big of a deal," I thought. My hand trembled slightly as I fastened on my head the cotton white scarf with flower-embroidered edges. What would people say? Would I be ridiculed? After hesitating briefly, I answered my own question: "Yes, today is the day." At that moment, as I stood in front of the mirror, my scarf covering my head, I did not realize that such a small piece of cloth could teach me some of life's hardest lessons. On that day, June 14, 2004, I opened my eyes to the world.

I remember sitting at the lunch room table, chatting amiably with my friends, discussing each other's summer adventures. As I peeled the plastic wrap off my peanut butter sandwich, one of my friends asked, "Saba, did you hear what he just said?"

"No...what did he say?"

"He said, 'Who would ever want to be a towel-head?' How dare he!"

A towel-head? I didn't understand what he was talking about. And then, as my stomach churned, I realized he was referring to me—more precisely, to me with my scarf. I couldn't believe it! How could anyone be so disrespectful? How could anyone

confuse a scarf for a towel? I was angered, upset, and hurt. I kept thinking about those two words the entire day. Towel-head? Why would anyone say that?

But how could I blame him? He wasn't the only one who stereotyped other people. The more that I felt a victim of the scarf-wearing stigma, the more that I began to realize that I had some of my own stereotypes. I can readily recall the days when I perceived those who dressed in "Gothic" attire to be involved with drugs or to have a violent nature. In addition, I can remember the times when my own ignorance led me astray. I simply assumed that I would never be seen shopping at the mall or going to the theater with a girl who I ignorantly categorized as "Emo." Having experienced such cultural insensitivity, how could I ever expect people to respect me if I did not respect them in return?

Whenever I am confronted with a situation in which I think that someone's beliefs or actions are "unorthodox," I think back to that phrase: towel-head. I wouldn't want someone to feel the same pain I felt when I was stereotyped; thus, whenever I am faced with such a situation, I recall those words and remind myself that I should be more tolerant and educate myself about others' beliefs. Our differences should be used as catalysts that help us to gain knowledge and increase our awareness of other cultures. I have learned that our diversity makes us all different, and being different is okay. Everyday, I am reminded what it feels like to be stereotyped, and I strive to never stereotype another person. That day was truly the day—the day when I was hurt by another, but more importantly, the day when I learned so much more.

Drink Coffee

Let's be realistic. Getting up for that 8 am class sounds downright impossible without one of those fancy thermos things filled with coffee. Why not save the world while forcing yourself to stay awake during History of Medieval Literature? Kaldi's Coffee Roasting Company has four Saint Louis locations with plenty of fair trade coffee options. Buying fair trade coffee will ensure that the workers who plant and cultivate the coffee beans are paid adequate, humane wages.

A word of caution, though: saving the world may involve a little burnage of the tongue.



Photo by Cait Clegg

Play with Puppies

Even someone deathly allergic to pet dander has to admit that there is nothing cuter than a puppy (except maybe a puppy wearing fair trade clothing). For those of us who do not have a violent allergenic aversion to animals, the Humane Society of Missouri offers a fantastic option to help man's best friends. As a Pet Pal, you can exercise and socialize with dogs who are awaiting adoption, giving them a reason to wag their tails. For more information, visit the Humane Society's website at www.hsmo.org. With all the love and acceptance you'll receive from your new canine buddies, you can probably start weeding out your human friends.



Buy a Car

Everyone knows that the kind of wheels you have says a lot about you. I mean, if Nelly was rolling around the 'Lou in a 1985 hatchback, what would that do for his street cred? For the rest of us with street cred deficiencies, Honda has come up with a car that is downright crunk. For a few years now, The Honda Civic GX sedan has won numerous awards as America's Greenest Car, powered by compressed natural gas instead of gasoline. The car also has zero evaporative emissions, which means Mother Nature might just become your hollaback girl.



Photo by Jessica Trout



Photo by Peter Knudtson

Go Shopping

You know that person on campus you've been interested in—the one you would give away your entire college tuition to be seen with? What are you going to be wearing the next time you are forced into a semi-awkward social situation with him or her? It had better be some fair trade fashion. Buying clothes at fair trade websites such as www.fairindigo.com will ensure that you look like the bee's knees for that special someone in your life without putting a dent in your wallet. It will also guarantee that the people who made your clothes are being paid sufficiently for the work they have done. What could be sexier than that?

five fun ways to save the world

by mike reddy

Travel the World

The best way to guarantee that you are the coolest kid at a college party is to show a slideshow of your travels. Anyone who doesn't want to see pictures of you throwing up a peace sign in front of the Grand Canyon is downright crazy. The Orbitz travel website makes it easier to gallivant from Bangkok to Baltimore while helping to create a happy world. Orbitz has teamed up with www.carbonfund.org to allow travelers to offset the emissions from their air travel through donations of \$5.50 for every domestic flight and \$11 for every international flight. It's as simple as going to eco.orbitz.com.

Now we just need something to offset the amount of friends you'll lose after you force them to look at your picture albums.



Photo by Claire Bira

"[Silence] is a Weapon"

A Music Review

By Johanna Hemminger

With its roots in a traditionally Navajo area of northern Arizona known as Black Mesa, Blackfire does not fit under the usual category of Californian punk rock bands. Blackfire is composed of three Navajo siblings who emphatically rock their listeners when they perform their high-energy, socially- and politically-aware music. "[Silence] is a Weapon", their most recent full album released in 2007, embodies all of these fantastic qualities. Even for those who are not punk music fans, this album serves as a thought-provoking, relevant source of ideas, knowledge, and hope.

"[Silence] is a Weapon" is a double-disc album that features one CD full of politically-charged anthems with elements of traditional Navajo chants sprinkled throughout.

"The red man, the black man, the yellow, white and brown/We walk this road together, this road is freedom bound."

The quick, tight guitar riffs, articulate bass lines, and skillful percussion section are accompanied by socio-political themes and messages. Songs like "NDN/Alien" discuss the political freedom and problems faced by Navajos and many other Native Americans. Beginning the song with the lyrics, "I'm an Indian (NDN)/I'm an alien/I'm a stranger in this town/The white man's road lead upward/And all ours lead us down...", the song progresses to a point where the singer gains hope: "The red man, the black man, the yellow, white and brown/



We walk this road together, this road is freedom bound." Tunes like "Silence is a Weapon" encourage people to question and understand authority, based on the question, "The silence is screaming/ So why aren't you listening?...Now that I

have your attention/Take the time to listen." Finally, songs such as "Turn Out the Lights" are concerned with war and its implications: the chorus repeats the words, "Turn out the lights, open your eyes/How could we ever choose a side?", and includes modern questions like "What about the cause beyond the discount price?"

The second disc of this concept album includes 12 tracks of traditional Navajo chants and songs, intended to remind the listeners of the cultural

and political journey that this compilation attempts—and succeeds—to capture. Performed in the traditional Navajo language, these pieces provide a contrast to the lively punk that the first disc features, again showing the versatility of this band as musicians and as social activists. As musicians, these siblings are more than exceptional. However, their emphasis on social justice with regard to freedom, poverty, and peace makes them the truly important and influential artists they are today.

IPOD PLAYLIST

Tunes with themes of social justice and equality

1. If Everyone Cared (Nickelback)
2. The Saints Are Coming (U2 & Greenday)
3. Walk On (U2)
4. World (Five for Fighting)
5. Great Divide (Hanson)
6. Migra (Santana)
7. I Need to Wake Up (Melissa Etheridge)
8. Imagine (Jack Johnson)
9. Sea Dreamer (Anoushka Shankar & Karsh Kale, feat. Sting)
10. Symphony of Brotherhood (Miri Ben-Ari)
11. Love is the Movement (Switchfoot)

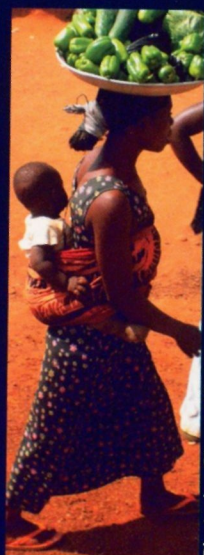


Photo by Ginny Winninger

12. Knowledge of Self Determination (Talib Kweli)
13. Streetcorner Symphony (Rob Thomas)
14. Peaceful World (India.Arie & John Mellencamp)
15. Better Days (Goo Goo Dolls)
16. Rooftops: A Liberation Broadcast (Lostprophets)
17. Belief (John Mayer)
18. The Prayer (Andrea Bocelli & Celine Dion)
19. Seed (Afro Celt Sound System)
20. Carnaval De Paris (Dario G)
21. I Am Not My Hair (India Arie)
22. Hands and Feet (Audio Adrenaline)

The End of Poverty

A Book Review

By James Pommert

Sweatshops, child labor, low pay, poor working conditions: What more could arouse the conscience of the Western world? Emotional topics such as these carry a deep sense of social and moral injustice. However, Jeffrey Sachs, author of *The End of Poverty*, economic advisor to past United Nations Secretary General Kofi Annan, and current director of the

Earth Institute at Columbia University, argues otherwise. He perceives sweatshops and their various equivalents to be legitimate means to the end of poverty.

This rather lengthy book is a compilation of the author's experiences around the world and provides the reader with a uniquely-informed perspective and the necessary framework for ending poverty by

the latter part of this century. In his book, Sachs walks the reader through the process of ending poverty in developing countries by comparing the process to climbing a ladder. Countries on the higher rungs, such as the United States, represent economic well-being, while those on the lower rungs, including most African nations, exemplify extreme economic poverty. The book's basic assertion is that, once a country has a foot on the ladder, it can begin the slow ascent towards economic prosperity and will invariably make its way out of poverty. Sachs argues that human populations of extremely impoverished countries are "too ill, hungry, or destitute even to get a foot on the first rung of the development ladder" and, therefore, remain devastatingly poor.

At this point, Sachs' ideas begin to conflict with those of the mainstream social justice community. Although Sachs develops his thoughts in well-ordered, sophisticated detail, he makes no secret of the fact that advancing to the first rung of the ladder involves some controversial means. Sachs writes, "My concern is not that there are too many sweatshops but

that there are too few...those are precisely the jobs that were the stepping stones for Singapore and Hong Kong, and those are the jobs that have to come to Africa to get them out of back-breaking rural poverty."

Sachs is hopeful, not cynical, about the prospect of ending poverty. Throughout the book, readers may find themselves wanting to hop on Sachs' bandwagon and support his plan, but may hear their conscience questioning, "How can you support child labor, sweat shops, and low pay, knowing how much some will suffer?" Indeed, Sachs provides no timeframe for a country's escape from poverty, leading one to ask, "Does the suffering of several generations in an impoverished country, working in unfathomably miserable conditions, justify its future ascent up the ladder?"

Overall, the book is, at times, seemingly dry and heartless, but at no point will the reader question Sachs' sincerity and desire to change this world for the better. What the reader must keep in mind is that Sachs is an economist, notorious for measuring success and failure with utility, an indication of overall satisfaction. Unfortunately, utility is a numerical measure, incapable of capturing the human variable of suffering.

Despite the book's perceived vices, Sachs is offering a fresh perspective that should be considered. A far cry from the typical advocate of social justice, Sachs draws on a lifetime of analyzing the causes of poverty. In *The End of Poverty*, he offers his life's work to the public as a defined and attainable strategy to end poverty. The question each reader will have to ask is, "Do I believe Sachs' ends justify his means?"

Photo by Ginny Winninger



"Maria" Full of Compassionate Insight... and GRACE

A Movie Review

By Becky Grout

"Where do you want to go then, Maria?" "I don't know. Someplace else," she responds. Gazing upwards, she smiles. "How about up there?"

From the first scene of Joshua Marston's debut film, "Maria Full of Grace," Maria Alvarez is something special, someone a bit beyond those around her, so to speak. A poor, pregnant 17-year-old who works stripping thorns from roses, this plucky Colombian lady wants something more than her dead-end life. Unfortunately, her steadfast determination to escape from the cycle of poverty leads her to a not-so-immaculate decision.

You may have read about them in the headlines and been disgusted. "Drug mule vomits ingested heroin." "Two Mules stopped in Ho Chi Minh City." Drug mules, people who traffic illicit drugs across borders in their stomachs, are generally portrayed as just that: animals. But Maria, the young drug mule portrayed in this film, is very different from the stereotype of inhuman drug mules. She may also be far more typical.

Maria (Catalina Sandino Moreno) proves to be a particularly headstrong young woman, but one stuck in a poor, hopeless life. Recently pregnant by an ambitionless boyfriend she does not love, she lives with her mother, sister, and nephew, who rely on her small income as a rose de-thorner to make ends meet. Her free spirit unsatisfied and desperate for something different, for something bigger, and, of course, for something better-paying, Maria agrees to swallow 62 latex-wrapped

pellets of heroin and board a plane headed for New York City.

She is suddenly plunged into the risky and ruthless world of drug trafficking, a far deviation from the uneventful experience promised to her. Maria shares the airplane with other female mules—namely, a third-time mule and mentor to Maria who seems to be falling ill (Guilied Lopez) and Maria's clingy friend

from home (Yenny Paola Vega). Upon reaching the United States, the women encounter further problems, from the nonsense customs officers to the merciless middlemen. Her story quickly becomes one of determination and survival in a new, vicious world. By the end of the film, Maria has truly come into a state of self-knowledge and, yes, grace.

Maria is an honest, unrelenting, and eye-opening film. When it comes to the nitty-gritty of the film, writer/director Joshua Marston spares audiences no Hollywood comforts. The impressive and thorough detail is occasionally reminiscent of a documentary, as Marston quietly walks audiences through the manufacture, consumption, and passing of the pellets. Also portrayed are the ruthless outcomes when pellets burst and the harsh consequences when drug mules are caught. Yet Maria's refreshing modesty, simplicity, and incredible ordinariness keep the picture from becoming oversold or overdone, romanticized or cliché. Marston refuses to burden the film with sensationalism or play up Maria's struggles, an effect which ultimately generates enormous empathy. The silently powerful Maria lacks Hollywood's glitz but retains all its emotion.

Newcomer Colombian actress Catalina Sandino Moreno shines in the title role, giving a spectacular and convincing performance that earned her an Academy Award nomination. She creates a resilient young woman who is unscathed by Colombia's notorious drug culture, decades-long civil war, and rural poverty, but still betrays a deep vulnerability. Moreno, as a refreshingly empathetic protagonist, naturally takes command of the screen and communicates without words the intense and complex emotions of the "1,000 True Stories" it represents, according to its tag line.

However, Moreno is not the only newcomer in this film. Maria is also American Marston's debut film, for both writing and directing. The well-scripted, well-researched story has brought him awards and recognition as well.

Maria, while certainly full of grace, is also full of questions. Great art asks more questions than it answers. Indeed, Maria Full of Grace has become one of those dramas. It broadens the scope beyond those affected by drug trafficking to include any person unsatisfied by her lot in life. It can touch any person who refuses to let her incredible mistakes and struggles keep her from being great...any person a bit beyond those around her. When the credits roll, Maria Full of Grace asks each of us that very human question:

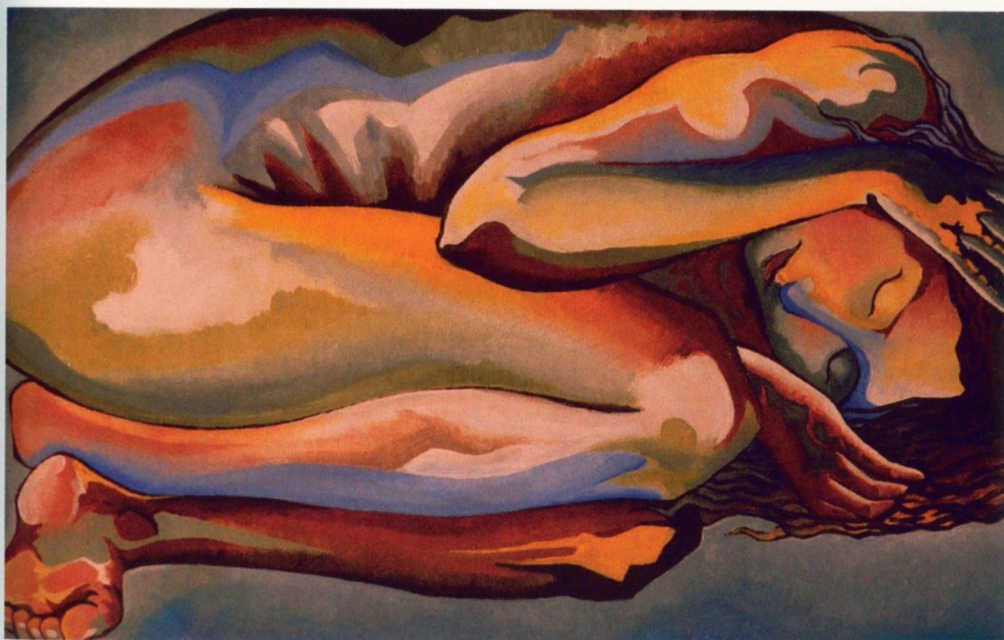
What would we do for something better?



THE NAZI DOCTORS: MEDICAL KILLING AND THE PSYCHOLOGY OF *GENOCIDE*

A Book Review

By Br. Patrick Cousins, SC



"Denial" by Katie Burns-Wick

*"If we truly are already one,
then the acknowledgement
of our own capacity for
evil, but more importantly,
our capacity for conscience
and love is an essential
ingredient in uncovering
that unity."*

Although Robert Lifton's "The Nazi Doctors" is not a new book, it warrants review, if for no other reason than to make people aware of its existence and continued importance. Lifton begins by recounting a discussion with a friend, in which he tells the friend that these former Nazis whom he spent months interviewing "were by no means the demonic figures – sadistic, fanatic, lustful to kill – people have often thought them to be," to which his friend replied, "But it is demonic that they were not demonic."

Lifton alternates between historical details about the development of Auschwitz and psychological analyses about the ways in which people and systems engaged in "psychic distancing"—either justifying killing or, more often, removing it from one's plane of vision and responsibility. For example, he mentions how often the analogy of disease in the body is used to justify harsh measures, in this case to avoid Volkstod, "the death of the people/nation/race." Two realities in particular stand out for their importance in the process of psychic distancing: bureaucracy and technology. "Bureaucracy deamplifies genocide," says Lifton. In Auschwitz, for example, the German term *Schreibtischtäter* ("desk criminal")

came to refer to administrators who could hand their dirty work down the line so as to never actually have blood on their own hands, while those lower in the chain of command could claim, "I was only following orders." Lifton gives numerous examples of the role of technology as means of psychic distancing, such as the use of the poison gas Zyklon B to eliminate the psychological trauma that Einsatzgruppen troops experienced from shooting large numbers of prisoners. He adds, "Higher technologies render the killing more efficient, in time and numbers, and in easing the psychological burden of the perpetrators...The sequence [from lower to higher technology] helps eliminate the impediment of empathy, of experiencing one's victims as fellow human beings."

In language that has chilling ramifications, Lifton concludes, "No individual self is inherently evil, murderous, genocidal. Yet under certain conditions virtually any self is capable of becoming all of these." In one sense, this makes Auschwitz a little more horrible, because it is precisely not psychopaths and monsters who enabled it to exist and run so efficiently, but citizens and loyal servants. On the other hand, however, it is this realization of the humanity of the perpetrators of such monstrous violence that legitimizes hope in the potential of conversion and conscience. If we truly are already one, then the acknowledgement of our own capacity for evil, but more importantly, our capacity for conscience and love is an essential ingredient in uncovering that unity.

August 8, 2007

Reflection on Urumqi, China

A journal entry by Kathryn Jonas

As we leave the city of Urumqi for Turpan, I thought I would write about a few things that stood out to me and have been a source of frustration.

One thing is the beggars. They're not like the ones you encounter in St. Louis, asking for a few bucks for a bite to eat. They're severely crippled and deformed. Men and women lay on mats in the middle of the squares. Their feet are mangled, ankles swollen, toes curled, feet turned in and up unnaturally. Men without hands or hands that are limp and useless.

Worse are the children. A boy in the underpass, no older than twelve, his head too large, his eyes mis-shapen ears not even, his whole face disfigured, a cup in his hand holding a few jiao (a jiao is like a Chinese dime).

In the middle of the sidewalk, a mat. A small boy, maybe ten, undernourished, his body covered in angry scars. Burns. Raw pink skin along his arms, his bare chest, his face. On his hairless head a large red pussing sore. Flies hovering. I was literally sick to my stomach. I held back from the group to try and gain my composure. His face was so empty. He had a dazed stare...was he even conscious? *Why does no one help him?* Who lets children just lay in the streets?

And what do I do about it? Give him a couple jiao and walk away? Take him to a doctor or a shelter in this city I don't know? Take him with me? Should I have stopped and tried to talk to him, even though he likely speaks Uigar (the language of a minority group in Urumqi)? I don't think he was even aware enough to speak.

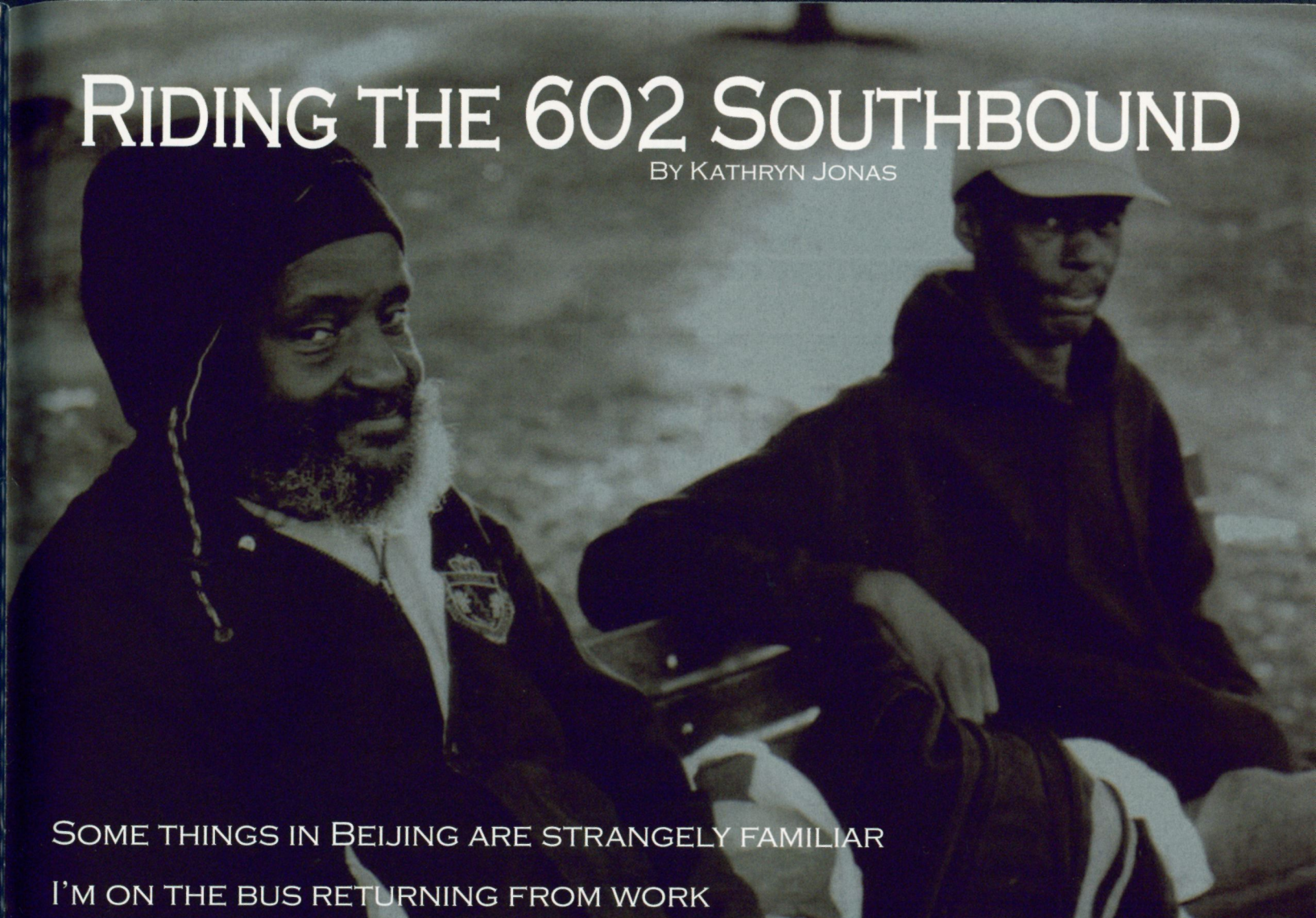
Shoulda
woulda
coulda...and now all I feel is guilt and disgust.



Photo by Cait Clegg

RIDING THE 602 SOUTHBOUND

BY KATHRYN JONAS



SOME THINGS IN BEIJING ARE STRANGELY FAMILIAR
I'M ON THE BUS RETURNING FROM WORK

Photo by Jessica Trout

IT'S CROWDED

AND MY WEARY FEET ARE FORCED TO STAND

THE CITY IS GRAY AND THE SMOG IS HEAVY

OUT THE WINDOW I SEE AN OLD MAN

WHITE BEARD, WEATHER FACED, BULKY DIRTY CLOTHES

HE WALKS SLOWLY UP TO A CAR AT THE RED LIGHT OF THE INTERSECTION

HOLDING OUT HIS CUPPED HANDS

BEGGING FOR SPARE CHANGE

THE DRIVER IN THE CAR IS ON HIS CELL PHONE

HE'S PRETENDING NOT TO SEE THE OLD MAN

WHOSE HANDS TREMBLE AT THE CAR DOOR WINDOW

AND IT'S JUST LIKE I'M AT HOME

San Pedro de Atacama

Jesus gave his disciples these instructions:

"When you enter a house, first say: Peace upon this house.

If there are people of peace within, your peace will descend upon them.

Stay in that house, and eat and drink from what they have."

A few days later, Jesus asked me, "What have you seen?"

And I said: "Jaime and I bid each other farewell almost in tears

I walked to the bus stop with his grandchildren, the seeds of the future before my eyes

And **the human family in all its simplicity and glory**

And the people announced to me the coming of the Kingdom of God."

And Jesus smiled, with the Jaime's time-worn face, saying:

"Blessed are the eyes that see what you saw."

22 Noches

A collection of poems from time spent in Chile

By Chris Ryan, SJ

Monte Patria (Un Techo Para Chile)

When we build a house, we feel the dignity of owning one's own home

With pikes and shovels, with songs in pickup trucks

With words shared below hundreds of stars

Projects and encounters show us **new homes for our souls.**

If "One more roof depends on you," then on us depends the entire house.

VII Región (Vacaciones)

Seven bowls of rock, full of running water
Seven bowls of flesh and bone, full of powerful grace
The sound of the river always rises from its channel
Like the desire to be witnesses of God rises from the depths of our hearts.
We mix ourselves and what we have to offer
And we hope that the world might be able and willing to hear.
We must bring this tranquility and depth
To those who drown in the worries of a life without a foundation.

Julio 2007

Forty hours in buses, thirty-five hundred kilometers on the Panamerican Highway
A backpack with the Chilean flag, under the banner of Christ
"I say to you that many prophets and kings wanted to see what you see and did not see it,
and to hear what you hear and did not hear it."

Antofagasta

I gazed toward the sea from the community's roof
Perhaps as the women await their seafaring husbands
But my question at sunset is for God:
Where is Your Kingdom? Have I seen it today without noticing?
I gazed the other way toward the neighborhoods
devouring the slopes of the dry, dusty hills
I went to sleep thinking of the sleep of the poor this night
With hunger fed by hope
What taste does it leave in your mouth?
Is its sound different from that of the ocean's waves?

SOCIAL JUSTICE?

A journal entry by Jessica Trout

According to the website of the Jesuit Volunteer Corps, "Social justice is more than just statistics or Church documents; it is a lived experience and movement to action." That's great...but how is it defined if someone asks? I realized I do not know. Many people who know me just assume I know what social justice means and could define it to anyone who asked, but my psychology professor asked and I was baffled. I couldn't even describe it. People who know me associate me with my "credentials" in social justice, such as majoring in social work, volunteering, a semester in El Salvador, and working with immigrant and refugee youth. They know what I have done and what I may be doing, but what they do not know is these things confuse the heck out of me and make me ask so many more questions—including how to define social justice.

So, this is what I have concluded: social justice is just something I know inside. I know it is how I feel about the world. It's how my heart hurts when I see families struggling and what I think the world should be. I know it is not charity or giving just once or isolated mission trips. It is not giving money, food, and sympathy. It's unconditional love, regardless of who someone is or was. It is compassion and working for something greater that benefits everyone. It's positive externalities—doing things and making decisions with your life that will improve the lives of others and the world. It's borderless and against

ageism, sexism, classism, heterosexism, and all the other "isms." Social justice is knowing that everyone is human and has the same basic needs and desires. It is letting your heart hurt and be heavy because it touches you and makes you not only break but crumble, but it is definitely not always sad. It is people and laughter and community. Being with people that stand for a greater cause and dancing with them or jumping with them in the dry dirt. It can be conversations...long ones about loving others and being with others. For me social justice is so many beautiful and hard things. I cannot give it one name or one definition. I know it is right, and I know it is needed. I know I see the need for it in the homeless in St. Louis and the malnourished in El Salvador and the shelters in this city we all live in and call home. I see the need for it when

"Social justice...is definitely not always sad. It's unconditional love, regardless of who someone is or was."

Muslim immigrants have to sing Christmas songs in St. Louis because their school doesn't acknowledge their religion. I see it in the beautiful views I get in the mountains with Wilian and

his family and the poverty in the campo of El Salvador. I see the need for social justice in the lonely middle and upper class people running through life—those that we forget about



Photo by Kathryn Jonas

because they are not what first comes to mind when we think of social justice. I see the need but only know the definition in my heart when I look into the God-filled eyes of the people who have shaped who I am and what social justice means to me. **Social justice, to me, is people.**

APPRECIATION SALUTATION

BY REBECCA GORLEY

NAMASTE
(THE LIGHT IN ME HONORS THE LIGHT IN YOU)

THANK YOU
THANK YOU FOR BEING YOU

INSPIRING, INCANDESCENT, INCREDIBLE

I APPRECIATE ALL OF WHO YOU ARE

ENCOURAGING, LOVING, SMILING

MAY LOVE, PEACE, HOPE AND JOY
ENTER AND FILL YOUR ENTIRE BEING
MIND BODY SOUL

MAY LOVE ABOUND FROM YOUR HEART
MAY PEACE CENTER YOUR DAY
MAY HOPE GUIDE YOUR THOUGHTS
MAY JOY SHINE THROUGH YOUR SMILE

WITH BOTH HANDS, MAY YOU HOLD THIS MOMENT
BREATHE DEEPLY AND BE PRESENT IN THIS MOMENT



Photo by Jessica Trout



Photo by Sarika Gupta



Photo by Cait Clegg



Photo by Tony Cognata



Photo by Peter Knudtson



Photo by Stacey Vojta



Photo by Sarah Markenson



Photo by Amber Boland



"A La Mode" by Katie Burns-Wick

ENGAGE YOURSELF!

SNAPSHOTS OF SLU STUDENTS INTERACTING WITH OUR WORLD

Photo by Kristen Schenk





Photo by Drew Thomas



Photo by Kathryn Richardson

W
E



Photo by Lyndsay Webb



Photo by Ginny Winninger



Photo by Peter Knudtson

A R E

Photo by Kristen Schenk





Photo by Kristen Schenk



Photo by Jessica Trout

ONE



Photo by Kathryn Jonas

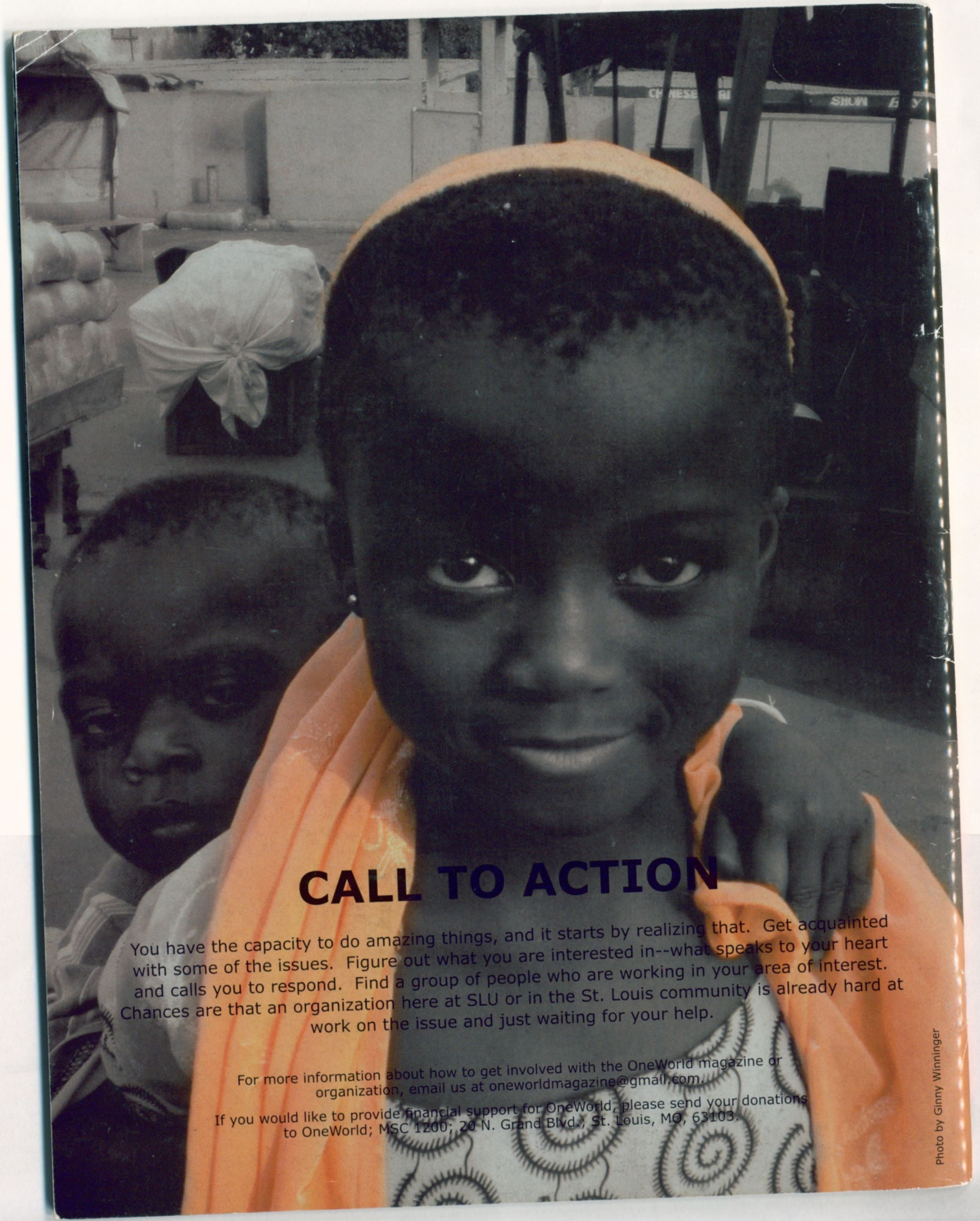


WORLD

Photo by Kathryn Jonas



Photo by Ginny Winninger



CALL TO ACTION

You have the capacity to do amazing things, and it starts by realizing that. Get acquainted with some of the issues. Figure out what you are interested in--what speaks to your heart and calls you to respond. Find a group of people who are working in your area of interest. Chances are that an organization here at SLU or in the St. Louis community is already hard at work on the issue and just waiting for your help.

For more information about how to get involved with the OneWorld magazine or organization, email us at oneworldmagazine@gmail.com.

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